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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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AFTER THE BALL—A WALL STREET BROKER AND HIS DIVINITY ATTEND THE BAL MASQUE DE L'OPERA CARNIVAL AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, AND AFTER LOOKING SEVERAL TIMES UPON THE WINE THAT WAS RED, AND BECOMING CONSEQUENTLY EXHILERATED, CONTINUE 'THEIR ORGIE AT A WELL-KNOWN CAFE UNTIL THEY BECOME OVERPOWERED BY THEIR LIBATIONS AND FALL ASLEEP AMID THE DEBRIS OF THEIR DISSIPATION.—SEE PAGE 2.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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### STILL AHEAD!

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK

## THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

WILL CONTAIN A

Thrilling and Life-like Full-page Illustration

### OF NIGHT SCENES

### ON A FERRY-BOAT!

This subject will be one of the most sensational and interesting in our series of "MIDNIGHT PICTURES." All the incidents narrated are actual occurrences, and depict one of the strangest phases of

### LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS

No one should fail to secure a copy of this paper. Send in your orders at once.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

J. L., Bijor Hills, D. T.—Hardly worth illustrating. Too much of the same kind already.

H. G., Mt. Morris, N. Y.—Thanks for attention. Could not use matter sent. Unimportant.

F. T., Rochester, N. Y.—No. Do not know anything of the parties. At last accounts were in Kansas City.

J. W. S., Van Wert, O.—Thanks for sketch. Will attend to the matter at once. Will hardly be worth an illustration.

M., Lumberton, N. C.—Any item of general interest from your locality will be used. One furnished of local interest only.

Point of Rocks, Md.—Have illustrated the affair this week from sketches received before yours. Thanks for your kindness.

CONSTANT READER, Charlotte, N. C.—The address of artist mentioned is 120 East 22d street. A letter addressed to that place will reach him.

C. A., Buffalo.—Have a correspondent in your city already. If you can secure photo of party named, send it along, and we will remit its value.

E. A. W., Ottumwa, Iowa.—Clippings arrived too late for this issue. Will comply with your offer in regard to postage, etc. Thanks for kindness.

SOCRATES, Fort Assiniboine, M. T.—Excuse delay. It is hard work to tell the office is. It is popularly supposed to be under their hat. This city.

W. A. WATKINS, Erie, Pa.—The quotation referred to in your communication will be found in a satirical poem by Samuel H. Butler, entitled, "Hudibras."

L. G. T., Oxford, O.—By the time we would receive sketches of the parties named, the affair would have lost its interest. Be on the alert for next event.

H. A. C., Syracuse, N. Y.—Last week's issue contained portraits of all connected with the business. If you cannot obtain a copy of your newdealer's, send to this office.

Helena, Montana.—Your communication was crowded out of this issue. Will appear next week. You can count on this as a certainty. Let us hear from you again.

T. A. A., Pittsburg, Pa.—Will you please send us the name of some live journalist in your city. Should you ascertain anything further in regard to the affair, notify us at once.

Keno, Quincy, Ill.—Your communication deals so vaguely with affairs in your place that it is worthless to us. You do not give any names, and the whole thing is mysterious. Otherwise it was good. Remedy this fault in your next.

A READER.—"Dodger" has gone west. Why don't you carry your information to police headquarters? If things are as you say, it is your duty to do so. The authorities would doubtless look into the matter, and clear the gang out of the neighborhood.

DEPUTY SHERIFF, Chestertown, S. C.—Think we have already had an account of the affair you mention. Prices for photos all depend upon the prominence of the parties sent. Some are of course worth a great deal more than others. Will do the right thing with anything you favor us with.

#### ANOTHER USE FOR CHICAGO.

Another use has been discovered for Chicago. In her earlier days she was a grand city of refuge and a sort of recuperative asylum for the morally and financially crippled of the older cities of the Atlantic seaboard. She has not yet, indeed, entirely outgrown the traditions of her youth, and a somewhat broad but scarcely ultra-extravagant portraiture of her characteristics is held out in a local street song which, purporting to set forth a type of the city's life, exultantly maintains that a man who has not made himself fame, as a defaulter, run away with another man's wife or distinguished himself by some similar exploit will decidedly "never do to live in Chicago."

A recently published item in the daily journals indicates that our lively young western sister may be the future Mecca for the crop of sinful persons in which the East has of late years been so fruitful. Here is the so-called reverend Mr. Vosburgh who, but a short time since, narrowly escaped conviction of the charge of attempted poisoning of his wife, in Jersey City, and who was, popularly at least, found so guilty of flagrant violation of all accepted notions of proper ministerial conduct that he was compelled to vacate his unworthily filled pulpit and seek obscurity in the far West, where he was heard from, shortly after, surreptitiously procuring a divorce from his much injured wife.

One might suppose that this would be the end of Mr. Vosburgh's ministerial career on this continent. Great, therefore, was the surprise when it was announced recently that this most eccentric of evangelical frauds had been received with immense eclat as the newly appointed shepherd and spiritual guide of a prominent and wealthy church of the paradoxical metropolis of the great lakes. After this, we should fancy, the course of our crooked persons ought to be plain enough. When detected in what we can only regard as the characteristic foibles of the cloth to such an extent as to compromise them with over scrupulous laymen, let them, like Vosburgh, take a bolder plunge into what the outside world regards as the ways of sin, then travel west on their cheek, to be canonized in a fashionable church, at a fat salary, in Chicago.

#### MYSTERIOUS DISCRIMINATION.

The logic of the police authorities in carrying out their sporadic onslaughts upon such flagrant violators of the laws of the land and of common decency as the proprietors of the gambling hells, "deadly dives" and other haunts of iniquity which deface our city, is something beyond the grasp of the ordinary civilian intellect. Just at present the force is affected by one of those periodical spasms of official vigilance and indignation, the symptoms of which are manifested in a sudden outburst of wrath against these long-overlooked acts of "prejudice to the peace and dignity" of the commonwealth. That this latest official spasm is largely due to the stimulating effects of the recent exposures in the GAZETTE, which has exhibited the true inwardness of these dens in such a way as could scarcely be passed over in silence, is too patent for denial, though we claim no further credit therefor than that we have in so doing fulfilled a proper journalistic duty in accordance with our announced mission in the public interest.

For what the force has accomplished in carrying out the obligations we have so palpably indicated we wish to withhold no praise, but we are, nevertheless, unable to understand why this should be only half executed when there is such a brilliant opportunity for a clean sweep; that why, to take a conspicuous example, in recent raids on vicious resorts in the Bowery and elsewhere in the lower part of the city, while smaller establishments were sternly "pulled," more notorious ones, with larger capacity for evil that should render their obliteration so much the more desirable, in the immediate vicinity, and, in at least one instance, directly adjoining one of the unfortunates, should escape molestation and be allowed to pursue their infamous career with apparent impunity. It would be a simple fisherman who should so manage his "catch" as to allow all the big fish to escape and haul in only the minnows to show for his labor. If this is a specimen of their work it is evident that there must be a curious sort of a defect somewhere in the police drag-net, and that it needs a thorough overhauling for repairs.

#### A BARBAROUS SPECTACLE.

A curious phase of American life under the crude conditions that prevail in society more remote from the centres of civilization has been vividly depicted by our artist on another page of the current issue. We refer to the remarkable spectacle at the execution of the two negro murderers of Major Pugh, at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. It is estimated that at least fifteen thousand persons, chiefly of the same race as the condemned men, had gathered to witness the should-be solemn act of the law's vengeance for the gravest crime known to it, but the occasion of which was distorted into a barbaric holiday so incongruous

with the spirit of the age and so revolting to the better instincts of humanity that it is difficult to realize that the weird scene we have depicted was enacted within two day's journey of one of the centres of the boasted enlightenment of our century. This immense assemblage, composed of men, women and children, may have previously felt something of the actual solemnity of the moment, but such was surely not the prevailing sentiment. Fat heaves and sheep were cooked to feast the multitude, and an old-fashioned barbecue with its elements of semi-savage festivity was inaugurated, which, leaving out of sight the fact of the richly deserved retribution for a most brutal and cold-blooded murder meted out to the principal actors, might render appropriate a paraphrase of a well-known quotation regarding the horrible closing scene of the tragedy—"butchered to make a negro holiday." If this scandal upon American institutions serves no other purpose we trust it may point an eloquent moral regarding the barbarity and demoralizing influence of public executions.

#### A BILL FOR A BROKEN HEAD.

If any funnier business in an official line than Captain Williams' bill against the city for expenses entailed through the clubbing by that late eminent clubber of an unfortunate citizen, at Madison square, in October last, has been brought before the public within the last decade we are free to admit that it has entirely escaped our attention. The gallant captain requests that the city shall reimburse him for the expenses incurred by him in that somewhat celebrated case, which was followed by his transfer to a supposed more appropriate sphere of usefulness in the street cleaning department. In presenting his claim he produces an itemized bill which gives us some interesting information, not hitherto definitely stated so far as our memory serves, of the actual cost to the city of having one of its citizens officially mauled by an expert in that line. The items in this, which we may take as a specimen case, foot up a total of \$1,884.75, to be exact. Of this sum we may put down \$105.00 for physicians' fees, and say \$5.00, for "coach hire," as the amount expended more or less directly for the benefit of the clubbed individual. The remainder, including \$48.00 for "incidental expenses," whatever that may imply in such a case, goes to defray the cost of the trial which the evanescent wrath of the community rendered it necessary for the doughty captain to undergo, "counsel fees" absorbing, as a matter of course, the lion's share of the amount to the figure of \$1,500.00. Should this extraordinary bill be favorably reported by the Comptroller, to whom it has been presented for examination, the sum demanded by the ex-clubber will be drawn from the pockets of taxpayers, among whom, doubtless, past and future victims of the municipal locust will be numbered as contributors. It may be all right according to some bewildering principle of legal ethics, but it does seem rather odd to compel a citizen to pay, first for the privilege of being clubbed and next for the expenses of clearing his assailant from the legal consequences thereof.

#### AN IMPRESSIVE ARGUMENT.

No less serious an occasion than a session of the Louisiana House of Representatives has just furnished a ludicrous incident which has been fittingly illustrated by our artist. It appears that the speaker of that body, during a sitting, accidentally discharged a revolver which he had concealed about his person, receiving thereby a severe if not a serious wound. What renders the circumstance still more farcical, since, by mere fortunate chance indeed, it barely escaped a tragical result is, that vigorous measures against the prevalent custom of that section of carrying deadly weapons have been in process of prosecution in the legislature.

It is quite possible that, as the subject promised to be one of warm discussion as an encroachment upon the time honored prerogatives of the average Louisianian, the speaker had unconsciously been impelled by the force of early implanted habit, which had become as second nature, in thus rendering himself "well-heeled" for the probable contingency of knotty parliamentary situations which might require a bit of "strong government" by the presiding officer in respect to the enforcement of the rules of the house. At all events, barring temporarily painful physical impressions resulting from this fire in the rear, Speaker Ogden may congratulate himself upon having presented a most striking argument in the affirmative on the question before the house.

Judge G. A. Pearre, of the Fourth Judicial Circuit of Maryland, is threatened with impeachment on serious grounds. He is charged, among other things, with having transformed the sacred precincts of the court into a place of assignation and with associating with lewd and dissolute women. Should these shocking allegations be verified, we fear the Honorable Judge, with all his unquestioned ability, will find himself inevitably drifting into the career of the ministry.

#### After The Ball.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Despite the restraints incident to the Lenten season, the devotees of Terpsichore seem bent on the enjoyment of the ball-room, even at the risk of future salvation. No previous winter in this city has been so prolific in bal masques, socials and entertainments as the present. The reasons for this general joviality are obvious.

Among recent social events next to the Arion ball, the Bal Masque De L'opera is the most notable. And in many respects it surpassed its predecessor. In point of spectacular effects the Arion is unapproachable; but as a purely social affair its rival can fairly lay claim to a greater success. In every way it is more cosmopolitan, with less of that conventionality so characteristic of all the Arion Society affairs, and which tends in a measure to restrain the frolicsome proclivities of those who participate in its pleasures. The most pleasant feature in connection with the Opera Carnival is its cosmopolitan character, and the utter absence of any restraints whatever. That this fact was duly appreciated was quite evident to any one conversant with New York society. Every walk of life was fully represented, and for the nonce all seemed intent upon only one object—enjoyment. Momus ruled the throng, and his sway was not disputed—except, (it must be recorded) by his frisky coadjutor, Bacchus, and he, spite of Crosby, Murphy & Co., divided the honors of the occasion, greatly to the detriment of clear heads and a perfect understanding.

Among those most loyal in their devotion to his brain-fuddling majesty were a well-known Wall street broker and his "birdie darling." From the time of their entrance to the Garden they studiously kept aloof from the whirling throng and

"Courtied the seclusion that a private box grants,  
And sipped the sparkling wine of La Belle France."

In fact they sipped with such frequency that ere the hour of twelve they were in that vaguely-defined condition, "how come you so," and for propriety's sake were courteously requested to leave the premises, which they did after a few demurrers. They were, however, not to be curtailed in the gratification of their bibulous propensities by this unpleasant episode. A spree was their ambition, and, to attain this end, they repaired to a well-known c/o and continued their spiritous affinity. As a drinking match it was a nip-and-tuck affair, the female holding her own like a politician. Finally both succumbed to the soporific influence of their potations, and when the morning came they were found as our artist has depicted, with the wreck of their orgie strewn about, dead-drunk.

#### A Tough Customer.

[With Portrait.]

Langdon W. Moore, alias Charlie Adams, was arrested in this city on the 20th inst., on a requisition from the Governor of Massachusetts, charging him with participation in the attempted robbery of the Charlestown post-office, four months ago, and shooting a policeman who interrupted the burglary. Moore is one of the best-known bank burglars in the country, and is, in police parlance, at the top of his profession. He has been repeatedly arrested, notably in October, 1877, when Inspector Murray captured him and a "pal" named Briggs. One of the most costly sets of burglars' tools ever captured was found in the house. Moore was wanted then by the Boston police for a large bond robbery, and served a sentence for it. The discovery of his connection with the Charlestown burglary was due to a companion in crime named Mason, who was captured at the time, "peaching" on him. Moore was taken to Boston the same day of his capture by Detectives Gerraughty and Harding of the Central office.

#### Robbery and Murder.

[With Portrait.]

Wanted, for robbing the residence of George H. Norman, 343 Beacon street, on the night of the 11th inst., and for murdering his associate in crime—Edmund Lavoie—at 22 Florence street, on the 12th inst.—David Mooney, alias James H. Brady, alias John H. Hill, American, age twenty-eight, five feet three inches high, 145 pound weight, medium complexion, dark wavy hair, dark gray eyes and dark brown mustache, which he may have shaved off since the murder; "N. E. S." "13" and two dots in India ink on his left wrist. A reward of \$1,000 will be paid for his arrest and return to Boston, Mass. Police authorities will please arrest and telegraph immediately to Samuel G. Adams, Superintendent of Police.

#### Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Minnie La Verde, of whom we give a portrait on another page, was one of the most promising young ladies on the variety stage at the time of her death, which occurred in Denver, Col., Jan. 25th. She was born in this city, and made her debut at an early age. Her versatility and general excellence made her a favorite with theatre-goers, who regarded her as one of the most promising child actresses before the public. Up to her death she had justified the good opinions entertained of her. She was well known among the profession, and her untimely taking off has caused universal sorrow.

#### An Inquisitive "Crittter."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Houston, Tex., Feb. 24.—On Sunday evening the boarders at the Tremont House were startled, as well as amused, at the freak of a cow. The animal, by some means or other, got in at an open door. Leisurely looking around, she made her way up stairs and walking around, taking a view of the rooms and accommodations, she finally walked through a window out on the roof and thence tumbled to the ground below.



## "AROUND THE WITCH!"

The Strange Legend of a Curse Pronounced By a Broken-Hearted Girl.

### THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

A Spectre That is Followed By Ruin and Desolation—How it Blighted a Prosperous Hotel-Keeper's Life.

### THE DAYS OF WITCHCRAFT COME AGAIN.

DANVILLE, Pa., Feb. 25.—In the southwestern part of Luzerne county there is a remarkable stream of water, known as Black Creek. Its average width is perhaps a dozen yards, while its waters are very dark and sulphurous. In it fish cannot live, while a frog or snake thrown into the stream instantly turns over and floats away dead. It rises somewhere near Hazleton and about six miles from its source enters a deep mountain gap, which it follows to its furthest extremity, and soon after mingles its black current with the limpid waters of the Nescopeck Creek, which a little further on joins the wide Susquehanna. The mountain gap traversed by this stream is one of the most dismal places to be found in the country. Only a narrow stretch of sky is visible from below, and this is almost always filled with a haze, which the sunbeams scarcely ever penetrate. When the sky happens to be clear it is not sunrise in the gap till 10 o'clock, while at 2 the sun goes down. Immense gray boulders abound. The ground is covered with ashes and trunks of fallen pines, charred and blackened by mountain fires, which yearly sweep over the place, lie decaying, sometimes one across the other.

ENORMOUS SNAKE CRAWL  
over the rocks or bathe in the slimy pools. The only trees are stunted pines, which grow out from between the rocks.

In addition to the gloom and desolation infesting the place, it has, according to the people thereabout, been sadly troubled with witches. One of the stories handed down from a generation long in their graves runs thus:

Much less than a hundred years ago Black Creek was a beautiful transparent stream. The skies above it were clear as other skies. Green moss thickly covered the ground and rocks, and birds sang among the branches of the trees. The gap about this time was the favorite resort of hunters, and one individual owning a large tract of mountain land, including the gap, had erected a cabin in it for the accommodation of himself and friends during the hunting season. It happened one day that the owner of the cabin got into a quarrel with a stranger over a wounded deer, each claiming that he had fired the lucky shot. During the quarrel the stranger struck a blow and received in return one that leveled him to the earth. Being seriously hurt, he was carried into the cabin and word sent to his friends, who resided at some distance. In a short time his sister arrived,

A BLACK-EYED GIRL,  
with long raven hair. On the same day he died, and the girl cursed the young man who had dealt the fatal blow in a manner that made a terrible impression on all present.

In a short time the waters of the creek became black and sulphurous, the sky grew dim and hazy, while the gap became the abode of serpents and a scene of desolation. The black-eyed girl was afterwards frequently seen—sometimes walking through the gap at midnight, enveloped in a large black cloak; at other times in the midst of the tempest, on the top of the loftiest tree, swaying to and fro, with her long, black hair streaming in the wind. So the good people of the long ago came to regard the place as bewitched by the vindictive sister, and no one cared to be found in the dismal place at night. But an important road, connecting the Tomhicken and Nescopeck valleys, led right through the bewitched gap, and it was consequently not always possible to avoid it. The road was always beaten hard and in the best of order. Yet, farmers, in passing over it on their return from market, with four horses attached to an empty wagon, would often come suddenly to a standstill. Then the farmer would

CRACK HIS WHIP,  
the horses would throw themselves into the harness and scratch the ground for a foothold, but the wagon would stand as though riveted to the earth beneath some invisible weight. The farmer would then know that "the witches were riding his wagon," and simply wait till they got off, when the team would travel on as easily as before.

About ten years ago a mining company began operations four miles up the gap, but there was no success predicted for it in such a place. And a little later Simon Kase ran his new railroad through the gap. About this time Henry Croll, who owned a valuable farm out in the Nescopeck valley, sold his property for a large sum, and fearing neither Simon Kase nor the witches, decided to build a large hotel right in the mountain gap. His friends expostulated with him, reminding him that he could not succeed there. He went to work, however, and in a short time had the new hotel under roof. The new coal mines attracted a great deal of travel, and before long Croll was doing a flourishing business. He had ten sons, and he built a home for each of them near his own. Other relations followed, so that the place soon came to be called Crolltown. At the end of two years the town contained fifty houses, and had besides the

hotel a store, lime-kiln, post-office and a school-house. Soon after this Croll began to show some strange eccentricities. He became very quarrelsome, and without any apparent reason would

FORBID HIS BEST CUSTOMERS  
the house. A large portion of the population had found employment at the neighboring coal mines, which, owing to some cause, no longer afforded constant work. Croll and his village began to go down hill together. The unfortunate landlord advertised his property for sale, but when persons appeared to buy he spoke so unfavorably of the place and its surroundings that they went away disgusted. He now did no business at all. The people had become indolent and indifferent, and the storekeeper was drifting on toward ruin. Their school teachers year after year got the blues and left the place before the school term had expired. Croll, seated in his bar-room, disheveled and haggard, surrounded by a crowd of loafers, would discourse on his approaching ruin.

He knew what he was worth, what his loss was per day, and consequently how long it would be till he was a beggar. He seemed determined to fall, to be utterly ruined, and made no effort to avert the misfortune. He frequently reminded the lime-burner and the merchant of the place that a similar fate awaited them and told them exactly how long they would last. At the time he predicted the sheriff came along and sold him out of house and home. He then moved back into a less pretentious dwelling, and has since resided there, often without enough to eat. The whole place has become the abode of wretchedness and misery.

It is a remarkable fact that a belief in witchcraft was almost universal, a few years ago, in this region. The most absurd stories were credited. Even now not a few are to be found who believe that Croll and his town are laboring under the curse of the black-eyed girl, or are, in other words, bewitched.

### Rescued From Shame.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 20.—A few days ago an aged citizen of Warren county came to this city for the purpose of tracing the whereabouts of a daughter, whom he had reason to know had taken refuge in a house of ill-fame in this city. The nearly heart-broken father—a man of prominence in his section of country—first applied to Mayor Jacob, and beseeched him to aid him in his sad search. His Honor became interested in the case immediately, and, after talking to the father for some time, introduced him to the Chief of Police, and asked that every exertion should be made in order to find the girl's place of abode. The father had a picture of his daughter, taken only a few months ago, and this it was at once decided would be of excellent service in prosecuting the search. Chief Wapenstein accordingly detailed officers Suesman and Partridge for this work, with instructions to visit every house of ill-fame in the city until the missing girl was found. The men, who were dressed in plain clothes, went to work with a will, and at the end of eight or nine hours succeeded in their mission of finding the girl. About nine o'clock they dropped in at Kate Dugan's place, on Longworth street.

Here they found a young woman whom they recognized as the one they were after, and took her away. Miss Dugan says the woman came to her place Thursday of last week. She was a stranger to all the inmates of the house, with the exception of one girl who had known her when both was much younger. The woman gave her name as Carrie Franklin (a fictitious one), and said she was married, but was compelled to leave her husband on account of his cruel treatment of her and failure to provide. She had, she said, married against her own wishes and to please her mother. After her marriage she found she could not live pleasantly with her husband, but she submitted to his harsh treatment and neglect as long as possible. The girl was dressed only moderately well, and she informed Miss Dugan that her clothes were all provided for her by her mother, her husband being unable or unwilling to buy her decent clothing. She showed a photograph of a child, which she said was a baby she had borne to her husband. She represented that the child was dead. The woman appeared to be about twenty-four years of age, and was quite attractive in appearance, and Miss Dugan says she received no company during the time she was at the house, and when the officers made known their mission she consented at once to go home with them, but questioned their right to interfere with her, since she was of age. Finally, however, she and the officers, at 11 o'clock Tuesday night, started from Miss Dugan's and proceeded to the Central station, where the woman was given a comfortable place to sleep, and the next morning, in company with her father, left the city on a train bound for Franklin, Warren county, Ohio.

### For Charity's Sake.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A trio of Brahma fowls, contributed by C. Buckholdt of New Haven, Conn., to the Irish relief fund, were sold by auction in front of the Broad street entrance to the Stock Exchange on February 25th. The birds were exhibited in the street in a cage upon a decorated truck for an hour or two before they were sold. The sale was under the direction of Thomas H. Sullivan, sheriff's auctioneer, but was conducted by Captain Isaiah Rynders. Levy was present with his cornet. Broad street was thronged between Exchange place and Wall street. The crowd was so dense and remained so long—fully an hour—that it seriously inconvenienced the members of the Exchange, who seemed to take but little interest in the proceedings, and they complained bitterly of the annoyance. Checks as bids and donations were received from the following persons: William B. Traphagen, \$100; Nash & Crook, \$100; Sheriff Bowe, \$125; H. Hughes, \$250; James O'Brien, \$300; and George Caulfield, \$350. The latter was awarded the birds. Other trios were sold at \$35 and \$20, and some eggs at \$5.

## "POP-EYE" GEORGE.

A Life full of Adventure and Romance—Two Elopements and Desertions—Winding up with a Murder.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 16.—The killing of Clark Hamilton, a lawyer at Mollala Cross Roads, a small settlement near Oregon City, in Oregon, by George Collins, alias George Crane, and familiarly known as Pop-Eye George, a saloon-keeper, has attracted a great deal of attention in this city, owing to the fact that the murderer is a San Francisco boy, and bears one of the blackest records of any man on this coast.

His parents originally came here from Michigan while George was a mere child. The youngster early developed a spirit of cussedness for while yet a boy he ran away from home, and made his way into Oregon, where he gained considerable notoriety as a jockey. It was while he was engaged in this business that he earned the title of "Pop-Eye," by always riding a horse of that name.

Becoming tired of jockeying he made his way back to the parental roof and was received with open arms by his mother. His father was doing a large and prosperous business, and George concluded to remain in this, to him, very agreeable shelter after his recent experience among the jockeys of Oregon. Despite the influence of his home, and the loving care of his mother, the young scamp associated with the worst element of the hoodlum gamblers and card-sharps of the city, and subsequently

ENLISTED AS A DRUMMER BOY.

But his mother could not bear to lose him, and managed to secure his discharge after he had served a short time. With characteristic obstinacy, however, and a total disregard of his mother's feelings, he again enlisted, this time as a private. Again maternal love proved stronger than her sense of duty, and, although Mrs. Collins was urged to let the scapegrace remain where he was, she succeeded in obtaining his release, on the plea that he had enlisted under a rage.

After enjoying his freedom for a short time, George again enlisted, and, as he was by this time over twenty-one years of age, he was allowed to remain in the army. His subsequent career is next described by one of his relatives, who are among the best and most respected citizens on the Pacific slope: For eighteen months he was content with fleeing his brother soldiers out of their earnings, but desiring a change, he concluded to desert, and did so, only to be immediately recaptured and brought back. The mother, who had aided him before, was then on a sick bed, and he was laden with chains and imprisoned at Alcatraz. It was but a few days before, with a steel saw which a visiting friend furnished him, he sawed off his manacles, escaped from the prison, and either swam from Alcatraz to the shore or made his way over in a stolen boat, the accounts differing.

Going to his father's house, on Pacific street, he found the mother, who had grieved and worried so greatly over him, on her death-bed. That night she died, and it was on the night following, while the mourning family were grouped about the loved and dead one, that a summons came from a posse of officers without, and the United States deserter was demanded. He sprang for the back door and darted through it before he could be intercepted, and springing over the back fence plunged himself into a water-barrel, leaving only his head out, this being concealed by the half cover of the barrel. The officers searched the house, the very room in which the dead woman lay, and the neighborhood, but finding no trace gave up the search. The next morning saw him sailing outward by Alcatraz on board the Oregon steamer, where his brothers placed him, and the officers never caught sight of him again. Shortly afterward there turned up in the settlement of Glad Tidings, in Clackamas county, Oregon, a tall, slender, hazel-eyed and brown-haired young man of twenty-three, who gave the name of George Crane.

A week after his advent, a German and his wife opened a store in the same place. They had a daughter called Rachel, with a clearly cut, handsome, brunette face, who shortly afterward became empress over the thoughts and dreams of all the youth around. She was fifteen years old and romantic. Crane was handsome and experienced. It accordingly transpired that after talks lasting through long evenings at the store, and walks through the twilight fir-woods, that a proposal of marriage, to which the parents would not consent, was made. Rachel was willing, however, and at dusk, on the 9th of October, 1869, two men and a girl left Glad Tidings on three horses, and with the exception of the maiden's being thrown from her horse during the long and fast ride with her lover they passed safely through Oregon City and Portland, and reached Vancouver, Washington Territory, the Gretna Green of Oregon, where they were married by a justice of the peace named White. They were hotly pursued by the father and another man, and the ceremony had not been concluded five minutes when the pursuers arrived on the scene with officers, and they were arrested. Being married, however, they escaped, and lived together in Portland for a year and a half, Collins, or Crane, as he called himself, to avoid arrest for desertion, using a deck of cards as his means of subsistence. Coming thence to this city, a boy was born to the couple, and the father opened the Woodbine saloon, a low gambling resort on Morton street, near Kearney. After this was closed out, three months after he joined a gang of

SHORT-CARD SWINDLERS,

and either could not earn or would not give the means of subsistence to his wife and babe. The poor little girl bore it as long as she could, and then left him, to earn her own living.

For several years this continued, and it was two years ago when he again left for Oregon, after a gambling quarrel, and went to Jacksonville. Here he became enamored of a young woman who was the wife of a hard-working and very respectable farmer,

to whom she had borne two children. A second elopement came about, and packing her worldly goods, including the children, together, she ran away with him to Portland, where he married her as formally as the laws would permit, and coming down here, took her to live on Stevenson street as his wife. The story of neglect was again repeated, and after a year had passed by and a child had been born, she, too, left him, and he went back to Oregon, possibly on another elopement trip.

The amatory enterprise did not apparently succeed, however, for five months ago he wrote to his second victim entreating her to come up and live with him. Placing the two children of her first husband in the orphan asylum and taking the baby with her, she acceded to the request and went to join him at Mollala four months since. It was on her account that Collins' bid for sympathy was based, he claiming that Hamilton had defamed his wife, gaining thereby the moral support of many in the community. He now awaits trial for murder at Oregon City.

### THE AMERICAN TURPINS.

Thrilling Story of the Way in which They Secured a Pair of Horses.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 18.—The daring deeds, crimes and escapades of the notorious outlaws Jesse and Frank James would fill a volume as large as the Arabian Nights and some of their escapades from capture have been almost as miraculous as are the wonderful tales of that magic world. Yesterday afternoon a Kansas City Times representative while seated in Marshal Lagget's office at the Court House was one of a small party who listened to the story of the luck of these bold riders in escaping the hands of the law, which has never been made public in detail and which has about it much of the Dick Turpin or Davy Crockett order. It was told by a young man known all over Clay county, who had a cousin killed at the time of the Richmond bank robbery, and who during the past five years has taken many a midnight ride in search of the outlaws. The facts related occurred in the late fall of 1876 after the Northfield robbery, where Frank James was so terribly wounded, where Charlie Pitts, Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller were killed and where the Youngers, who are now serving out a life sentence, were captured. Frank James, horribly wounded as he was, managed to escape, assisted by Jesse, and late in the fall they turned up at the residence of their mother, Mrs. Samuels, in Clay county. During their long absence a cousin, named Ed. Samuels, had made their house his home. He was a reckless sort of devil himself, and had the reputation of being nothing better than a

HORSE THIEF.

and it was neighborhood talk that whenever Jesse or Frank wanted a horse "Ed. would steal it for them." The day after Frank and Jesse returned Ed. Samuels came home with a friend and was astonished when Jesse walked out of a back room and said he wanted a horse. Samuels said he "could not help it. He had quit stealing horses for anyone." At this the outlaw whipped out a revolver and said "he had a way of making people do as he wanted, and he was bound to have the horse." At this point Mrs. Samuels jumped between the men and made Jesse retire. Ed. Samuels thought the matter all over, and at last became convinced that if he remained in that section Jesse would kill him. He made up his mind to leave, and besides to have revenge. With this end he rode at once into Liberty, gave the alarm, and a party of officers under Sheriff Groom set out to arrest the men. The young traitor piloted them and when the party approached the lone house, now three times more notorious than any place of residence in Missouri, part went one way and part another. It was about 9 o'clock p. m., and shortly afterwards, a man now known to have been Jesse James, came out of the woods and entered the house. It was then that the attempted capture should have been planned. Jesse was too old a bird to be caught, and with Frank, who was also in the house at the time, ran out of the back door and

ESCAPED.

Young Samuels returned to the house the next morning, and certain information having been received, a second attempt was made to secure the two desperadoes, dead or alive. The deputies who accompanied Sheriff Groom this time were marked men, good and true. But they were on a cold trail, and the only man injured was Ed. Samuels, who was shot by the Sheriff through mistake. He received several shots in his arm, and for several weeks was hid away in Liberty, and many persons who at that time knew that the young man was wounded, had no idea how it occurred. The boys both escaped, and since that time young Samuels has fought shy of the locality. He is said to be out in Kansas somewhere, but it will never be healthy for him to return to Clay county, at least so long as there is a probability of either Jesse or Frank being alive. This all occurred nearly four years ago and while the country was full of the story of Northfield, and the man who yesterday related the facts above stated, says if Jesse is not dead he will make his presence known before the year dies.

### A Desperate Woman.

[Subject of Illustration.]

MARIETTA, O., Feb. 22.—Detective W. H. Hatch arrested Mrs. Margaret Allen in Ritchie county, W. Va., during the past week on a charge of burning a barn in this county. Hatch reports a long and thrilling chase. At one time he and his party were obliged to follow her across the Kanawha river, and while doing so she led them a lively race, keeping her pursuers at bay by a free use of her revolver. The place where she was captured was a regular den of desperadoes, who were mostly absent when the arrest was made. Fifteen new shawls and a lot of other goods were found, and enough information to place her name with other dark transactions.



### A Domestic Menagerie.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Main, of No. — Tompkins avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., is possessed of a singular infatuation, to which every other characteristic of her nature is secondary. She is devotedly fond of animals of all kinds, and to gratify her passion in this respect has gathered about her a collection of birds, fishes, dogs and cats that would make the soul of a taxidermist or the proprietor of a zoological garden happy. When we state that the worthy Mrs. Main has not been blessed with a single cherub during many years of wedded life, and that her liege lord and master is more attached to his club than the domestic circle, the cause of her singular taste may appear.

Whether her husband's disposition to spend most of his time away from home has been encouraged by the worthy lady's fondness for domestic pets of the animal kind, we leave our readers to judge. The testimony of the genial benedict in question, confided to his associates in his mellow moments, would substantiate this view of the matter. Upon the wife's side of the question contradiction is furnished by her sympathizers in the statement that from the date of their wedding, he has been a very recreant husband in all that the term implies, and that she, poor woman, has been forced by his inattention and lack of affection, to gather about her something which would fill the void in her loving nature. That she has succeeded admirably, a visit to her domicile or an interview with the neighbors will at once prove. The latter, it is said, have utilized all the old boots and bottles in their possession as evidence of their disapproval of her wholesale indulgence in her menagerie freak; but despite their vehement protests Tabitha, Pussy, Blanche, Sweetheart, Tray and Polly have always had their little say, and the citizens of the locality, bereft of the aforesaid weapons, took their modicum of indignation out in profanity of a kind peculiar only to the City of Churches and high-pressure virtue.

Recently Mr. Main had been, if possible, a little wilder than usual, and as if goaded anew in her tender nature, Mrs. Main had reciprocated his actions by another instalment of pets, and Main was correspondingly ruffled. "Great heavens," he exclaimed, in relating the condition of his home to a friend, "what am I to do? I'll be teetotally blanked if this sort of thing hasn't gone about far enough. Something must be done, or the blanked critters will force me to something terrible. Why, it is a fact that when I am at home they make my life an incipient —, a perfect pandemonium. Sleep or quiet is out of the question," and fired by the thought (and the jig-water he had been imbibing), he started homeward, with resolutions in his mind that boded ill to the luckless objects of his wife's affections.

After disputing the right of way with several lamp-posts and saluting the sidewalk a number of times he arrived at the scene of his misery, his intentions none the less cooled by his experience on the way. Inserting his night-



AN INDIGNANT BROOKLYN BENEDICT ASSERTS HIS RIGHT TO AN UNDIVIDED SHARE IN HIS WIFE'S AFFECTIONS BY SLAUGHTERING IN COLD BLOOD HER BROOD OF ANIMAL PETS.



TWO GIDDY MILWAUKEE GIRLS UNDER THE INSPIRATION OF MOMUS GO OFF ON A HIGH OLD TEAR, AND BRING UP IN A CINCINNATI STATION-HOUSE A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR, BUT NEVERTHELESS HAPPY.—SEE PAGE 13.

key after many attempts, he entered the hallway, and was greeted by a chorus of canine protests that caused every drop of his belligerent blood to boil with tenfold fury.

"Yelp, blank ye," he muttered, chuckling at the same time at his bloodthirsty intentions. "I'll blanked quick settle your case," and he clutched the balustrade preparatory to his onslaught on the offending brood.

Mrs. Main had not retired, having waited his return, and was in the sitting-room surrounded by her animal friends. When she heard her husband in the hallway, like a true wife she opened the door, and came forth to welcome him, and was immediately opposed in her wifely intentions by the combined howling of all the cats and dogs there assembled. It was to Mr. Main as if they had bidden him defiance.

"Away, woman!" he cried, as Mrs. Main approached, and with a whoop like Gabriel's trump, he rushed into the room, grabbed Fido and Tabitha each by a leg and whirling them in air whanged their heads so forcibly against the side of the house that further nocturnal music with them was out of question. The deadly work so successfully inaugurated was continued with the rest. His rage grew with what it fed upon—the destruction of the authors of his woe—and despite his wife's entreaties he persevered until the domestic menagerie was completely demolished. Having vented his feelings, he quit the scene of death, and repaired to a neighboring hotel where he recuperated the nerve force expended by "hoisting in" more soda water.

The neighbors say there will be a divorce case soon from that locality, and furthermore selfishly concur in the opinion that it is better that one home should be annihilated than have the Third Commandment snattered all to pieces and their domestic peace otherwise ruffled. And, as the citizens of Brooklyn are famous for their obedience to all the Commandments, the rest of the world will be apt to agree.

### A Determined Mother.

SCARSWORTH, Kan., Feb. 20.—A St. Louis commercial traveler named W. S. Rogers is charged with having seduced a young woman in the town of Rossville under promise of marriage. He failed to put in an appearance at the appointed time, and the family having waited for him about as long as the condition of affairs would permit, the mother of the girl packed up her carpet bag and started in search of him. She went first to Kansas City, and there learning his whereabouts, she took the trail and came up with him at Ottawa. She confronted him with her daughter's confession and demanded that he should proceed with her immediately and marry the girl according to promise, and her demand was made in such a manner as to leave no doubt in the mind of the man that she meant business, and discovering that the old lady was backed by several able-bodied male friends, who had accompanied her, to be on hand in case a resort to force might become necessary, succumbed to the inevitable, and went along without any words.



## MALTREATING AN EDITOR.

## A Pair of Ruffians Waylay and Beat An Inoffensive Old Man Almost to Death.

[With Portraits.]

The following particulars of the brutal assault on Mr. Hagaman, editor of *The Blade*, Concordia, Cloud county, Kansas, have been furnished by a correspondent: On the morning of the 7th inst., Hagaman entered Deputy County Treasurer Reid's office and asked permission to examine a railway report in Reid's possession. Neither of the men had been on good terms for a long while, but in the present instance Reid was so affable and obliging that Hagaman was led to believe that a better feeling prevailed on the part of Reid toward him. This was pure deception on his part, as the sequel will show.

Immediately on handing Hagaman the report Reid passed out of the office into the court-room, closing the door after him, and in a few minutes the door was again opened and while Hagaman was standing at the west end of the counter examining the report, which lay on the counter, he was dealt a blow on the back of the head, followed instantly by another on the right side of the head, which sent him to the floor and against the east side of the room, his head crushing through the hard-finished wall, breaking lath and plastering. On attempting to rise he was again felled to the floor. This was repeated again and again,

## KICKS AND BLOWS

following each other in rapid succession until his head was beaten in a frightful manner, his face covered with cuts and bruises, and his body seriously injured. During the whole time—about five minutes—resistance on the part of Hagaman was rendered impossible from the stunning effect of the first two blows and his fall to the floor, and the injury caused by his head striking against the wall, as above stated, and his cowardly, brutal and murderous assailant had things his own way, and beat and bruised him till he was warned by W. G. Reid of the approach of E. E. Swearingin, when he desisted and fled. When W. G. Reid left the office, as above stated, he went to the register of deeds' office where J. S. Paradis was, and informed him that Hagaman was in his (Reid's) office alone, and now was his time, whereupon he (Paradis) immediately went to the treasurer's office and stealthily opened the door and committed the dastardly outrage as above described.

If any further evidence is needed to prove the complicity of W. G. Reid in this

## ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION,

the fact may be stated that he entered the room where the assault was going on and quietly looked on, and did not interfere by word, act or deed; and the further fact that afterward, upon Hagaman saying to him: "Walter, I didn't think you did right by not interfering," he answered: "I don't know about that; I think I did. G—d—n you, you did not get any more than you deserved." About half an hour later, and after Hagaman had had his wounds dressed, he again went to the treasurer's office with his brother, N. D. Hagaman, to look after and get his spectacles and side pocketbook, containing some money and valuable papers, which had been lost during the assault. It is thought that Hagaman's injuries will prove fatal.

## Murdered For Money.

[Subject of Illustration.]

PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 22.—On the northwest corner of Bridge and Division streets, this city, stands a dwelling-place owned and occupied by a Mrs. Sneed. About ten days ago a lady to all appearances, claiming to be a widow, called upon Mrs. Sneed, and rented the front basement. She stated that her name was Mrs. Harriet Hinck, and that she had formerly dwelt in Port Jervis, N. Y. She appeared to be about forty years of age.

She had her furniture conveyed thither. Since that time she has managed to earn a livelihood by doing service as a laundress, and was accorded the credit by the inmates of the dwelling with being a busy, industrious woman.



MRS. D. G. GRAHAM, CHARGED WITH ATTEMPTING TO BLACKMAIL AN UNFORTUNATE GIRL; CINCINNATI, O.

For the past three days nothing had been seen of her by Mrs. Sneed; but presuming that Mrs. Hinck was a woman who preferred retirement, she did not make any inquiries as to her whereabouts. Upon passing the basement windows yesterday morning, however, Mrs. Sneed chanced to look into the room occupied by Mrs. Hinck, when she was horrified by beholding the dead body of Mrs. Hinck lying stretched out upon the bed. Coroner Ruttan was sent for, and a careful examination of the premises made. At first the coroner believed, and so stated his belief, that Mrs. Hinck had committed suicide, for resting against her side stood an old shot-gun,



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS MINNIE LAVERDE, DIED AT DENVER, COL., JANUARY 25.—SEE PAGE 2.

bearing a tag marked on one side, "Handle carefully; loaded with S. XXX." On the other side was written in plain letters, "Harriet Hinck, Paterson, New Jersey."



BE SURE YOUR SINS WILL FIND YOU OUT—COL. OGDEN, SPEAKER OF THE LOUISIANA HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES RECEIVES A VERY FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATION OF THIS TRUTH DURING A DEBATE ON THE EVILS OF CARRYING CONCEALED WEAPONS; NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The hands of the dead woman were placed down toward the trigger of the gun, but were removed at least a foot from it. The wound that caused the death of the woman was on the left side of the head, and consisted of a fracture of the skull, and not in any respect similar to a gun-shot or pistol-wound. The head rested on clean white pillows, and there was not the least sign of powder burns, as from a discharged gun, either upon the pillows or upon the side of the head. An ax was discovered near the bed, which bears signs of having been lately cleaned, and with which the death-blow could have been easily inflicted. The neighbors and the dwellers in the house stated that they could divine no reason why Mrs. Hinck should have committed suicide. On the contrary, she appeared to be perfectly happy and contented in her new quarters. A few days before the murder the deceased had made a display of a large roll of bills and a gold watch to several of her neighbors. A pocketbook containing forty cents only was all that could be found upon the premises in the shape of money. The gun, moreover, that was found had neither cap nor powder upon the nipple, but was filled with dust and covered with rust. Coroner Ruttan, at 2:30 p. m. yesterday, summoned a jury. An investigation was made of the facts in the case. It was conducted by Dr. Myers, assisted by Drs. Santa, Van Gieson and Ripper. The investigation proved conclusively that the woman had not been shot, that she had not committed suicide, but that she had been killed by a blow delivered with the blunt end of an ax by some person or persons unknown, and that the death of Mrs. Hinck was unquestionably a case of murder. A boatman by the name of Patrick Henry Bracken has been arrested on suspicion of having perpetrated the deed. The coroner's investigation began on the 23d inst., but developed nothing positive in regard to the tragedy.

## Speaker Ogden's Surprise.

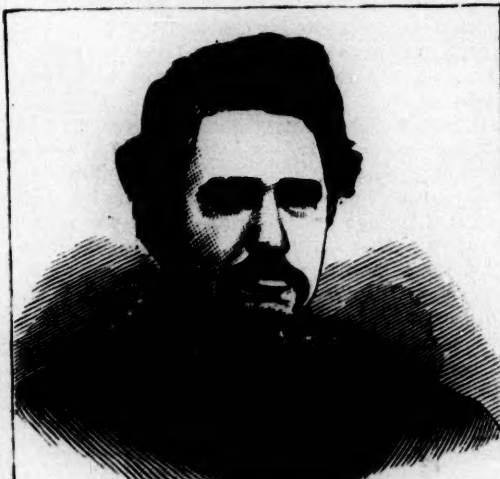
[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of Police Gazette.]

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 18.—An exciting scene occurred in the House of Representatives, in this state, yesterday. The house was just considering the bill of Mr. Richardson, for the prevention of the too common practice of carrying concealed weapons. The speaker, Colonel Ogden, rose to put the question, the bill being upon its final passage. No doubt the honorable gentleman had lately indulged in the ardent—a practice much indulged in by the noble southron; but as he arose from his seat the ever (?) faithful Smith & Wesson, unfaithful this time, fell from his pocket in the rear of his pants and unfortunately turned upon its owner, making havoc of blood and flesh in that immediate locality. With great presence of mind, although the report was loud and the damage severe, the speaker retained his coolness, and quiet was preserved. The speaker was then allowed to retire, and the legislation of a great state went on in the even tenor of its way, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. This little episode is a good reflection on the condition of affairs in Louisiana to-day. W. M.

## A Desperate Encounter.

LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 21.—Milton Bush, a young man living near Ross' Ford, Chester county, just over the Lancaster line, had a desperate encounter with highwaymen a couple of nights since. He had started to visit a friend in Lancaster county, and had just crossed the foot-bridge over the Catorara, near the fording, when he was halted by two large and desperate-looking men—one white and the other colored—who demanded his money or his life. The negro leveled a cocked-revolver at him, when Bush exclaimed: "Don't shoot until I can get the money." Drawing his seven-shooter he fired at the negro, and four shots were rapidly exchanged, one of them passing through the brim of Bush's hat and grazing his hair. The third shot struck him on the breast producing a stinging pain but not disabling him, and he returned the fire, the shot taking effect upon the negro, who made an exclamation of alarm and ran away. The white scoundrel then rushed upon Bush with a knife, dealing a blow at his heart, but he skillfully averted it. A second thrust was made which



DAVID MOONEY, ALIAS JAMES H. BRADY, ALIAS JOHN H. HILL, WANTED FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY AT BOSTON; \$1,000 REWARD.

penetrated the coat sleeve of Bush, who then closed on his antagonist and a desperate scuffle ensued, during which the knife fell to the ground. Bush got his antagonist down, but after dealing him several blows with his fist the villain overpowered him and again secured the knife. Bush being now too faint to continue the combat fled. When he reached home an examination of his person and clothing showed that the bullet which had caused the stinging pain had struck a nickel 3-cent piece in his vest pocket and his life was doubtless thereby saved. Great indignation is felt in the vicinity against the perpetrators of the outrage, who are still at large.



## SHE NEVER LOVED HIM.

And Proves It By Skipping From His Home With a Handsomer Man.

## SHE MADE THE FIRES

In the Morning, and Let Him Lie Abed, Which Seems a Little Singular, But a Perusal of What Follows

## WILL EXPLAIN HER KINDNESS.

A case of divorce has just been decided in Niagara county, accompanied by circumstances of more than ordinary interest. Not many miles from Lockport, N. Y., there lives a gentleman by the name of Sharp. He is something over thirty-five years of age, a farmer, in easy circumstances, thriving and prosperous. A few years ago he married a lady much younger than himself, the daughter of poor but respectable parents. It was said at the time of the marriage that they were much better pleased with the union than the daughter, owing to the wealth and high standing of Sharp. Nevertheless she consented to marry him. She was pleasing in manner and person, and discharged her household duties with scrupulous care, and was regarded as a model wife. Sharp loved her dearly, anticipated her every want and devoted himself to her happiness. Society believed they enjoyed the average amount of conjugal bliss.

But those most intimate with them thought they discovered something in the lady that betrayed secret sorrow. They thought that

"Upon her face there was a tint of grief;  
The settled shadows of an inward strife;  
An unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lids were charged with unshed tears."

As there was no apparent cause for all this they could not account for it. Children were denied her, and they thought perhaps this might be the cause. But time went on—the husband deeply engaged in

### MAKING MONEY

and the wife engaged in her domestic cares. At length he employed a young man of the name of Hews, a painter by occupation, to repaint his buildings. Hews possessed a fine person, was intelligent, agreeable and winning in his manners, and he soon became a great favorite with Sharp. Indeed the latter was so well pleased with the young painter that he invited him to make his house his home. The invitation was gratefully accepted, the affability and fine social qualities of Hews being more than a compensation for his board, and Sharp's home circle was made happier and brighter for the presence of his interesting guest.

Sharp saw with pleasure that his wife was apparently quite well pleased with him. He noticed, without any suggestion from the "green-eyed monster," that her friendly relations with him increased; that she sedulously endeavored to render his sojourn with them pleasant and happy by those many little attentions and amenities which a refined and sensible matron knows so well how to use.

But at length he began to think that perhaps their increasing friendship might not be regarded as

### PURELY PLATONIC

by others, and he mildly and courteously called his wife's attention to the matter. He said he did not think there was the least wrong in thought or action between her and Hews, but as their relations might be uncharitably construed, he advised her to be more cautious. Thanking him for calling her attention to the matter, she promised to guard her conduct toward Hews in the future with more care. She modestly suggested to her husband that he should promptly call her attention to any future infractions of his wishes in regard to her relations with their guest.

All parties were now satisfied, and harmony and happiness prevailed in the household. But after a time Sharp began to notice that Hews spent most of his time in the house when not engaged in his business; that on one or two occasions he was seated very close to Mrs. Sharp, and once or twice Sharp detected them in little acts that demonstrated something more than mere friendship. He called his wife's attention to these things, telling her that they must be stopped at once. She said that they were the result of mere thoughtlessness on the part of both Hews and herself; that there was no thought of wrong in her intercourse with him; that she regarded the young man

### MORE AS A BROTHER

than anything else, ending by saying: "I hope you are not going to be jealous, Sharp; at any rate you will have no occasion for such feelings." And she kept her word, at least to all outward appearances.

It soon became quite common with her to rise at an unusually early hour in the morning under the pretext that her household duties demanded it. Believing this to be all right, Sharp continued in bed until called to breakfast.

At length something aroused his suspicions that all was not right, and he decided to satisfy himself. One morning she arose very early, leaving, as she believed, her husband in a sound sleep. After a few minutes he got up, dressed himself, put on a pair of rubbers, went softly down stairs, and in a short time he witnessed a scene that left no doubt of her guilt.

Hews flew from the house in haste, and within a few hours the lady followed him. After an absence

of several weeks she returned, insisting, in the strongest manner, that she had not seen Hews in her absence. She was penitent and grief-stricken at her conduct. On her knees she implored her husband's forgiveness. It was granted, and once more Sharp and his wife were happy in their domestic relations.

A few months went on this way, when business took him to Lockport. On his return he learned that his wife had left home, declaring that she should never return. As

### HE STILL LOVED HER

with an undiminished affection, he followed her, but returned after a fruitless search of several days to his desolate home.

Several months elapsed and he heard nothing from her; but one day he received intelligence that she was living with her paramour in Dansville, N. Y. Determined now to rid himself of her, he went to that village, and learned that she was indeed there and that she and Hews were living together as husband and wife. He commenced an action for divorce, and accompanied the sheriff when he went to serve the papers on her.

When he entered the room where she was, she offered him her hand, but he refused to accept it, saying, "I can never shake hands with you." "I might have expected this. You think me an abandoned woman, but I am not," she said. "I should like to know what else you are." "I am a true but unfortunate woman, but there is no power on earth that could compel me to live with you again." "Was I not always kind to you?" "Yes, always; and I shall always respect you, but I never loved you, never! I married you to please my parents. In this I did a great wrong to you and to myself. Many and many a night have I laid by your side and cried until daylight, because I did. But I was made to love; no woman could love more than I can; but you were not the one. If there is a hell on earth, that woman finds it who is compelled to

### LIVE WITH A MAN

she cannot and does not love. The heat of that hell is made greater when she loves another. Well, all this I have felt. I resisted for a long time the love that was offered me, though I felt I could with all my loving nature return it. But at last I yielded, and then, struggling with duty and remorse, I returned to you, determined, in case you forgave me, to be truth itself to you hereafter, but I could not; I loved another better than I loved myself, and I knew he loved me as fully as I did him, and here I am. You see poverty all about here; you see none of those comforts and luxuries that I enjoyed in your house. But I enjoy here what I never enjoyed there—something that money cannot buy. Here I love deeply and truly, and here I know I am beloved. Mr. Hews supports me by his daily labor, and we enjoy what little we have, with our mutual affections, better than I ever enjoyed anything else on earth. Have you come to break us up? Have you come to—take—take him to prison? Oh, don't do that; I shall go with him if you do!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. She was assured that nothing of this kind was intended—that Mr. Sharp desired nothing but a divorce. "Well," said she, "I shall make no opposition. You are a good man, Sharp—worthy of a good and true woman. Find such a one, but be very sure she loves you before you marry her, and leave me to be happy where I am."

The papers were served; the husband and the sheriff left. Not long ago a divorce was granted Mr. Sharp, and his former wife is happy with her new companion in Dansville. Query: "How will life end with her?"

## Abductors Bagged.

MONTREAL, Feb. 19.—About three months ago a daring abduction occurred in this city, the details of which were of a startling character. As Miss Amanda Trudeau, a most attractive young lady, was passing along St. Catherine street, in the evening after dark, to make a call at a grocery store, she was pounced upon by three men, who placed a plaster upon her mouth, dragged her to a sleigh and carried her off to an out-of-the-way street, where she was taken into a house and thrown upon a couch in an inner room. After remaining there for some hours, in a partially unconscious state she was taken out again, placed in a hack and conveyed to her home at a late hour of the night. The matter was at once placed in the hands of the detectives, who threw discredit upon the girl's statement as being improbable. Time wore on and no clue could be obtained until to-day, when information was given to the chief of police that threats of exposure regarding the abduction had been heard from a member of the family of a man named Girard, on Mignonne street. The detectives made a descent upon the house, taking Miss Trudeau with them for purposes of identification. The first person encountered was a brother-in-law of Girard, but the girl could not recognize him. The next was the proprietor of the house, Girard, and on the girl seeing him she uttered a shriek and said, "That's him! That's him!" She was so terrified that she fainted several times before she was taken home. The description given of the main actor in the outrage and the appearance of the house exactly agreed with the girl's account to the police. Girard and his son-in-law, the latter an employe in the Bank of Montreal, were arrested and locked up. The prisoners have admitted to the detectives that their intention was to outrage the girl, but on bringing her into the house a suffusion of blood from her mouth terrified them into sending her home. Miss Trudeau is an orphan, and was adopted by a wealthy family here when she was eleven years old. The arrests and confirmation of the girl's story have created a sensation here.

A son of the Emerald Isle, meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting him most cordially, inquired his name. "Walsh," said the gentleman. "Walsh—Walsh," responded Paddy; "are you from Dublin; I know two old maids there of that name. Was either of them your mother?"

## HIGHER THAN HAMAN.

A Brutal Ravisher Receives His Check for Death—The Object of His Outrage Takes a Hand in the Hemen Cere-monies.

[Subject of Illustration.]

BALTIMORE, Feb. 18.—A special from Point of Rocks, Md., gives a tragic account of the hanging of a negro for rape, the third negro lynched in that vicinity for the same crime. The last victim was Page Wallace, colored, who outraged Miss Mary Mormon on Jan. 27. In the last case it can be truly said that the lynching had been expected, and some believed that Wallace, no matter how strongly guarded, would never pass through this neighborhood alive. In view of the fact that threats of lynching were freely made, and plans for carrying out the deed openly discussed, it is a matter of considerable surprise that the Virginia sheriff, if he wished the law to take its course, attempted to take his prisoner into Virginia with only himself and a deputy to guard him.

The crime for which Wallace was lynched was an outrage committed upon the person of Miss Mormon, about half a mile from the river, in Loudoun county. He had been confined in the county jail at Leesburg since last fall on the charge of a similar crime upon a married woman. On the night of Jan. 27 he escaped from the jail and hastened toward the river. Miss Mormon had left the ferry after dark, on her way home, and when she had proceeded about a quarter of a mile was

### CAUGHT ROUND THE WAIST

from behind by some one, and, thinking it was John Ambrose, one of the ferrymen whom she had left at the ferry, exclaimed: "Why, John, what do you mean?" The unknown person told her to keep quiet or he would kill her. Turning her head she discovered it was a negro. She screamed out, "John, come here quick! Some one has got hold of me!" The negro then struck her several severe blows in the face, threw her down, and threatened to kill her and throw her body into the river if she made any further noise. Under this threat she desisted from screaming, but continued to struggle until her strength failed and she sank back exhausted. He then accomplished his purpose and left her lying in the road. She was very badly bruised and beaten, and has never recovered from the effects of the outrage. A reward of \$50 was offered for his arrest, and bands of armed men scoured the country in all directions. After four days of hot search he was caught, just by accident, in a saloon at Sharpsburg, Md. Since Feb. 2 Wallace has been in Hagerstown jail, closely guarded, for fear that an attempt might be there made to

### WREAK SUMMARY VENGEANCE

upon him. A requisition from Gov. Holliday for his transfer to Virginia was given a few days after his capture, but it was not sent to Gov. Hamilton until a day or so ago. Yesterday morning Sheriff Carruthers and Deputy Sheriff Nixon, of Loudoun county, went to Hagerstown to take the negro to Leesburg. Wallace was immediately turned over to them by the authorities, and, securely handcuffed, was taken to the depot.

They started from Hagerstown on the 3 P. M. train, and arrived at Point of Rocks at 5:46 P. M. Along the route there was no demonstration, but as soon as Point of Rocks was reached it was found that a crowd of about one hundred men had gathered, and their actions showed what their object was. Before the train had stopped several boarded it and passed through the cars to make sure that the man they wanted was there. When the sheriff and his deputy stepped from the car with their prisoner a cry went up "There he is," but it was hushed by those who seemed to be superintending the affair, which had been pre-arranged with great nicety of detail. Quietly the crowd followed the three to the river, the negro being handcuffed to the deputy. The three took a boat across the ferry and the crowd followed as fast as they could secure boats. On the Virginia side were about one hundred and fifty masked men, who awaited the sheriff's coming in quiet, but as soon as his boat touched the shore they

### MADE A RUSH FOR IT.

The sheriff drew his revolver and attempted to the best of his ability to drive them back; but all his resistance was useless. He was speedily overpowered, searched, and the keys of the handcuffs taken from him. The deputy was also overpowered, the handcuffs unlocked, and Wallace was in the hands of the lynchers. All this was the work of a few minutes, and they dragged their prisoner in haste three hundred yards up the Leesburg road to the very spot where he committed the crime upon Miss Mormon; there they strung him up with the rope to a limb of a sycamore-tree. Mary Mormon upon whom the outrage was committed, was present at the landing of the officers, identified Wallace, pointed out the spot where the outrage had been committed, and after the negro had been hung to the tree to her was accorded the privilege of firing the first shot at his swinging and almost lifeless body. This she did with a good aim, and, after her, fifteen or twenty shots were fired, riddling the body from head to foot. The corpse was left hanging, and was viewed by hundreds of people before night set in. The excitement over the affair has now quieted down considerably, and the people dispersed to their homes, though the body still swings from the tree by the road. Wallace was a copper-colored negro about twenty four years old, about five feet eight inches tall, and thick set.

## The Way of the Transgressor.

[With Portrait.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.—Morris Van Hessler, who, though young in years, is acknowledged to be one of the boldest of Chicago's criminals, is lying at his house with a bullet in his head, and will probably die. Attracted by a pistol shot at about midnight, a police

officer went to the corner of May and Twelfth streets, and saw three men carrying another in their arms. As the officer came in sight one dropped his hold and ran. The other two carried the man, who proved to be Van Hessler, into his house. Bull, alias James Ward, and James alias Captain Roach, who carried Van Hessler, tell contradictory stories regarding the affair, though both unite in saying that Van Hessler was shot before they found him, and are locked up to await further investigation into the case, and the arrest of their companion, James Hussey, who is believed to have done the shooting. Whether it is the case that the gang had some trouble among themselves and one of them shot Van Hessler, or whether he was wounded while attempting to hold up a stranger, cannot be determined. Van Hessler has lived a very eventful career. He narrowly escaped being held as the murderer of Mr. Hensley, a citizen who was shot down by burglars in his own house a few months since. The evidence was very strong but altogether circumstantial, and the police were compelled to release him. A shoe found in the house fitted him; a revolver found beside the murdered man was made by a gunsmith who thought Van Hessler was the purchaser; a shoe he wore was muddled on the inside, as by a stocking that had been in contact with the street; but parties when called to the stand could not be positive in identifying Van Hessler, and he was allowed to go.

## A WESTERN BORGIA.

Plots and Counter-Plots, in Which Two Interesting Brothers Acted as "Coachers."

[Subject of Illustration.]

EVART, Ill., Feb. 20.—The all-absorbing topic in this little burg for a long time has been the arrest and examination of Mrs. Nevins, and William H. and Frank Rexford, her brothers, on the charge of placing an obstruction on the track of the Evart and Osceola railroad on the night of the 6th of November last, and resulting in ditching the engine, and so fatally injuring the engineer, John Nevins, the fireman, Peter Ross, and a passenger riding on the engine named Charles Delude, that each died soon after the accident, the first two in a few hours, and the last one a day or two after.

The manner of the arrest was in this way: A few nights ago a young man came to this town, met Mrs. Nevins, was introduced to her, and began "playing sweet" on her, as the boys say. Finally, after finding out many things of interest in the case, he arranged with her to go with him to Muskegon, and there to marry him. In the meantime he had written to the authorities there to keep out a watch for them, and arrest them both on the street. The young man turned out to be a detective. The two parties (Mrs. Nevins and the detective) arrived at Muskegon, and Marshal Newell, of that city, soon after arrested the woman in accordance with arrangements already made, and they were brought from Muskegon to this place.

The testimony of the detective, John Mallatte, is of considerable interest. He first gained her confidence by offering his services to aid her in collecting damages of the company for the death of her husband. She was

### READY AND WILLING

to enter into any scheme by which she might obtain money. Having gained her confidence, he then proposed a greater scheme by which they might make some \$25,000. She said he was "the fellow she had been looking for." They were to be married and he was to get his life insured for some \$30,000, cut a hole in the ice and leave his hat; some parties were to swear they saw him drowned; she was to get the money and meet him in Montreal. But who could they get to swear that he was drowned? She said for a liberal reward her brothers would do that. He was afraid they would back out, and wanted some proof that they were equal to such an emergency. She said, "I can prove they are; they put that log on the railroad, and does not that show that they are game?" He then said they would do. In the meantime they had consulted a lawyer from Muskegon, who was to take the case of prosecuting the company for half they could get. He advised them not to commence suit in this county, but go to Muskegon. Last Monday they started for Muskegon to perfect arrangements in both schemes, stopping on the way at Big Rapids. Here Mr. Mallatte pretended to have received a message from their lawyer, saying he was afraid he could not be at home. He then proposed writing him a letter setting forth the true facts of the accident so that their lawyer could prepare his case and know what to guard against. She assented, and they went into Lawyer Fuller's office to write. In this room was a rough partition, behind which George Jones, city marshal of Big Rapids, and a Mr. Tubbs were sequestered. Mr. Mallatte asked her to give the particulars just as they were and he would write them down, which she did.

### DICTATING EVERY WORD.

He then read it to her to see if it was correct; she said it was and signed her name to the letter. She said that she and her husband quarreled and he left her, but came back. After he came back he and the boys had a "racket," and she and the boys agreed to "get rid" of him. They proposed several ways. "Deck" (one of the brothers) proposed putting a log on the track. She said she did not care whether they put a log on the track or tore up the rail, if they would get rid of the old man. The letter goes on to state how the boys came to her house (she was living at the camp) that afternoon, and went up on the track, remarking that they were going hunting, and that they put the log on the track. That is the substance of Mr. Mallatte's testimony.

The theory on which the suspicion was founded and the case was worked up seems to have been of that character where the unfortunate husband was for some reason or other somewhat obnoxious to the wife and these brothers, and they took this method to "get away with him," and then intending to proceed against the railroad company for heavy damages.



## THE HAMPEN ACT

Performed at Murfreesboro, Tenn., in the Presence of a Large and Critical Audience, By the

### MURDERERS OF MAJOR PUGH

The Jolly Citizens of the Surrounding Country Improve the Occasion and

### HAVE AN OLD-FASHIONED PIONIO.

[Subject of Illustration.]

MURFREESBORO, Tenn., Feb. 20.—The execution of John Hall and Burrell Smith, two noted desperadoes, to-day, produced the profoundest sensation in Rutherford county, and in middle Tennessee. The direct crime which brought them to their doom was the assassination, at midnight, of Major S. H. Pugh, a prominent and highly respected citizen. For many months previous to this last act of diabolism, innumerable burglaries, in and around the town, had been committed, mysterious fires had laid many of the best business houses in ashes, and various depredations had been committed. It was believed that a band of robbers were at work, but nothing could be discovered. A feeling of deep alarm began to pervade the community; the citizens feared for their property and for their lives. About \$75,000 worth of property was destroyed by fire. Fires were indeed so frequent that the insurance men began to think, and openly expressed their belief, that the owners of property themselves were playing the incendiary in order to collect the insurance. Although the citizens on whom this suspicion fell bore unimpeachable characters, there were many who were willing to believe in their guilt. For several weeks previous to the murder of Major Pugh the authorities had been getting an inkling into the doings of the gang engaged in the robberies, and that dastardly act only confirmed their clues, and led to the arrest of the parties.

On the night of the shooting, which was May 16th, 1879, Major Pugh was awakened from his slumbers by the furious barking of his watch-dog. He descended the stairway, with a lighted candle in his hand, and as he reached the lower floor thought he

HEARD A RUSTLING NOISE.

He opened the door and went out toward the stable. As he stooped to pass a low fence, a shot was fired at him. He returned it at random, and was fired at again, the bullet this time taking effect in his upper left breast. Bleeding profusely, he made his way back to his room and fell mortally wounded. He died the next day at noon. The news of the fatal midnight shooting and speedy death of Major Pugh, excited the entire community to such an extent that they vowed vengeance on the perpetrators should they ever get their hands on them.

In less than a week fifteen men were lodged in jail, and wild excitement was mingled with hearty rejoicings that at last the outlaws were hunted down. Two out of the fifteen were white men. Their arrest had been forwarded by the testimony of a prisoner previously in jail, who gave the sheriff the names of those implicated. As soon as the prisoners were apprehended each began to tell his own tale, and tried to turn state's evidence against the remainder. As each successive story would go abroad, the excitement would get more and more intense, and threats of lynching would grow stronger. It was proposed to take the entire fifteen out, and hang them by wholesale.

The authorities were alarmed. The crowd about the doorways of the jail grew larger and more and more excited. If they dispersed it was only to collect again in greater numbers and with stronger will. Dispatches were sent to the attorney general at Nashville, who ordered the prisoners taken to that city. The answer was that the sheriff dared not attempt to move them, for it would only precipitate the execution of Lynch law. Gov. Marks then proceeded to the excited town, and, making his way to where the crowd had collected, commenced an address, made up of entreaties and all the persuasive eloquence at his command. Reluctantly, and almost doggedly, the people listened. Gov. Marks promised them an early special session of the courts to try the men; told them that all else would give way to meet that particular case. This promise did more to assuage the threatenings than all talk of law and order, and prevailed upon the people to bide their time, and let the

LAW TAKE ITS COURSE.

During the confinement of the prisoners, among whom were Hall and Smith, they were closely watched and their every word listened to by trusty detectives in the jail. Link after link in the chain of evidence was discovered, and a conversation between the two culprits strengthened the belief that they were the guilty parties. Smith was saying: "John, you should not have killed Major Pugh." Hall replied: "Yes, by God, I did kill him, and I ought to have killed him when we were there before," evidently referring to a robbery of Pugh's store in the April previous. At that time Mrs. Pugh heard the noise, raised her window and fired a pistol out of it.

Hall and Smith, when they were well cornered, acknowledged being present when Pugh was killed, but each charged the other with the deed. They said they were standing near the stable, both together, when the dog began to bark. Hall proposed leaving at once, as the dog made such a terrific noise. Smith accused him of cowardice, commanded him to be

still, and said the dog would hush in a little while; then they could get what they wanted. Just then Major Pugh came out. They became separated, and as Pugh went directly toward one of them the other fired a shot, then jumped over the fence and fired again. Mrs. Pugh shrieked for help, and the two men made off hastily toward their homes. As they passed the bridge over Stone's river the town clock struck 12. Smith asked: "John, did you shoot him?" "You bet, I got him," was the

BRUTAL ANSWER.

A trial resulted in their conviction and sentence to the fate which befel them to-day. It is estimated that 15,000 people gathered to witness the execution. Both slept well after midnight, and awoke feeling refreshed. Smith said he could not die in peace unless he ate a piece of pound-cake, which was given him. Most of the morning was spent in religious devotion, the greater part of which consisted in singing songs peculiar to negroes. One of these exhortations, chants or medleys was:

Father, where will you be when the general roll is called?

Taking in sisters, cousins and aunts.

And another:

Holy Lord, holy Lord, we will have a love in to-day. I think, brethren, it's eating the honey and drinking the wine;

I am sometimes up and sometimes down.

Still another:

I have found my robe; it fits me well; I tried it on at the gates of hell.

The condemned and six others in their cells sang these songs until just before the time of leaving for the scaffold, when they called for Bill Smith, colored, in jail for incendiarism and robbery. One white man and seven negroes have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment on the evidence of Smith and John Hall, which the condemned have always asserted to be false. When Bill confronted them as "brothers in Christ," they remarked to him: "Thank God, we are saved." Hall remarked to him: "Can you profess Christianity? Do you still stick to the lie you have told against these eight innocent men, and have you repented or changed?" To which Bill Smith responded: "By God Almighty, I am saved, too. I have told the truth." "Then sink down on your knees and swear it," said Hall, and the three fell to their knees, and each, with uplifted hands, swore that he had told the truth. All three arose so much excited that they had to be separated. Burrell Smith and John Hall, who had put on black gowns for the gallows, were then conducted out of jail and through a dense crowd

TO THE SCAFFOLD.

Just before their arrival the amphitheatre erected by the owner of the ground as a speculation gave away, smashing ankles and creating a stampede. Both criminals came upon the scaffold with ghastly smiles, and sat trembling like aspen leaves on the seat during the proceedings which followed. After hymns, prayer, and a sermon from a colored minister, Hall and Smith stepped upon the drop, when they said: "Let all take warning by our fate. We hope to meet you all in heaven. Farewell, world, and God bless you." The fainting of a white boy created some excitement, delaying the adjustment of the cap. Reasserting the innocence of the eight men sentenced on Bill Smith's testimony, the black cap was placed over their faces, and the deputy sheriff ordered to cut the rope. At the first blow he sent the hatchet into the post, missing the rope. As he cut the rope, Smith stooped down as if in a swoon, Hall getting a clear fall of four feet. Smith writhed as if suffering acute agony. Hall passed off with two shrugs of the shoulders. Both were pronounced dead within seventeen minutes, cut down placed in coffins, and hurried as speedily as possible to a house 300 yards distant, where Drs. Byrne and Murfee, of Murfreesboro, and Dr. Slegler, of Nashville, had arranged instruments for the purpose of resurrection, in the presence of a large number of physicians. Thirty minutes after the rope had been cut that experiment was tried. The clothing of the murderers was quickly torn from their bodies, which were wrapped in hot blankets, the dislocation of their necks reduced, and artificial respiration kept up. Electricity was then applied to different portions of the brain and spinal cord, and other stimulants used. Muscular movements were apparent. The pulse beat feebly. Temperature was raised to 1,103 degrees. The eyes opened and appeared to be directed to different objects in the room with the regular breathing and muscular contraction. There was a peculiar expression of the face and eyes, a sound with each inspiration and expiration. The bodies presented a life-like appearance. Dr. Slegler here stated that the desired object had been accomplished, which was to show the action of electricity and other modes of stimulation upon the nerves and muscular systems. The stimulants were then removed, when the bodies ceased to show any signs of vitality. The bodies were given the doctors at the request of the murderers, for dissection.

Twenty counties were represented in the assemblage, which, in consequence of frequent drinks, was inclined to be boisterous. The execution was a harvest to the saloon-keepers. A large barbecue was held near the scene, and was well patronized by the hungry mob. Apart from the scaffold and hanging the scene bore all the appearance of an immense picnic.

### Hiram P. Allen's Death.

[With Portrait.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—A cold blooded murder was committed at Sandwich, Ill., on the morning of the 15th inst. Two burglars having entered the house of Hiram P. Allen, a respected citizen, were surprised by his sitting up in bed and addressing them. One of them immediately opened fire upon him, hitting him four times. Three of the shots would have proved fatal if no others had been fired. He died instantly. His wife had taken refuge in a closet and heard some conversation between the burglars which, with another clue which they left behind, may lead to their arrest. They secured only a trifle in the way of plunder.

## A WICKED WOMAN.

How She Aided and Abetted a Crafty Husband in Duping a Greenhorn.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 20.—A few days ago a middle-aged German farmer, who had just arrived in this city from Ohio, entered a saloon on Second street, walked up to the bar and called for a glass of beer. After swallowing the beverage he drew out a roll of bills to pay for it, and exhibited to the bar-keeper about \$600. Standing near the bar was a man who formerly kept a saloon on Fifth street. He saw the money, and evidently made up his mind to possess some of it. He made the farmer's acquaintance with very little difficulty, and soon the two were engaged in friendly conversation, when the ex-saloonist inquired as to the farmer's object in visiting the city. The latter replied that he had come here to negotiate for the purchase of a farm in Missouri, where he proposed to settle down and enjoy life. He was unmarried, had not thought of marrying; had money enough to support himself, and saw no immediate necessity of entering the conjugal state.

An idea struck the ex-saloon-keeper, who, for the sake of convenience, may be called A., and he informed the farmer confidentially that he knew a little widow who was just the nicest, neatest person in the world, and who would make the best wife imaginable. Now, if he, the farmer, could only secure her hand he would be happy indeed. A. admitted that he had taken a fancy to his new-found acquaintance, and, in purely disinterested friendship, would take him up to the widow's house and

INTRODUCE HIM TO HER.

The farmer was pleased with the prospect, as A.'s earnest description of the woman's charms of mind and person had convinced him that she was just the woman to make him happy for the rest of his days. More beer was imbibed, and the farmer was taken to A.'s own house and was introduced to A.'s own wife, who was given the name of Mrs. Myers. Mrs. A., who had lived with her husband long enough to know his character, and was evidently in with him in anything like a money-making scheme, understood at once that something peculiar was on foot, and dropped into the name of the Widow Myers without a change of countenance.

The farmer was more than pleased with the widow Myers, and after he had left the house he mentally resolved to win her if she could be won. He called several times after the first visit, and soon became on such a familiar footing with her that she allowed him to kiss her—just once. Then she discovered that she needed a pair of shoes and some wearing apparel, and also that she had no money to pay for them. The farmer came to her rescue, advanced \$10.50 to her and had the pleasure of seeing her happy. On the following day they were out walking and she borrowed of him a small sum of money, saying she would return it as soon as she reached home, but she failed to do so. The next day she suggested that a loan of \$150 would be most

ACCEPTABLE TO HER.

and, without ceremony, asked for that amount. The farmer now began to suspect something wrong, and, promising to arrange the matter next day, he started out to inquire regarding the character of the widow. He was not long in finding out that the "Widow Myers" was the wife of A., and that he had been victimized to the extent of \$19.50, to say nothing of the small loan and numerous sums spent for beer, refreshments and presents. He consulted a lawyer, and a warrant will be sworn out to-day against Mr. and Mrs. A. for obtaining money under false pretenses.

The lawyer heard in connection with the affair that A. had called at a dry goods store kept by a friend, who was told that a little practical joke was on foot, and was requested to address Mrs. A. as "Mrs. Myers" when she entered the store with a strange man. A. had concocted a scheme to secure \$150, and his wife to have a new silk dress, to be paid for and selected by the farmer, under the impression that it was to be worn at the prospective wedding. His wife's haste in pushing the request for the loan of \$150 broke up the scheme, however.

### No Hanky-Panky Business for Her.

SHAWNEETOWN, Ill., Feb. 19.—A social scandal culminated last night at the Riverside Hotel, in the presence of a large number of guests and spectators. It has startled the entire community, and is the general theme of conversation. Mrs. May Greer, the wife of a prominent merchant and grain dealer of Equality, in this county, came on the train from home and caught her husband at the Riverside, where it is charged, he was domiciled with a Mrs. Pankey, the wife of the boss of the coke-works, at Equality. She excitedly charged her husband with criminal intimacy with Mrs. Pankey, and he undertook to remove her from the hotel. The lady called lustily on the bystanders to protect her, and in the struggle dropped her pocket-book containing \$2,000.

The couple, by the assistance of friends, were ushered into the parlor from the public room, when Mrs. Greer discovered her loss, and proclaimed that her husband had robbed her. Mr. Greer immediately went to the stairway where the first altercation occurred, and picked up the pocket-book, which was wrested from him by the bystanders and restored to the woman.

On again returning to the parlor, the landlady ushered in the prime cause of the trouble, Mrs. Pankey. The sight of this woman again aroused the uncontrollable ire of Mrs. Greer, who, in language more vigorous than polite, accused her of being the author of all her woes. Mrs. Greer was proceeding to tear a handsome gold chain from the neck of her rival, which she alleged her husband had bestowed upon her, and otherwise to demoralize her, when she was prevented by the combined assistance of her husband

and the bystanders. Mrs. Pankey was taken to her room and the husband led to the street, when Mrs. Greer became calm, and the excitement, which had been kept at fever heat for an hour, abated.

Greer departed on a boat last night for parts unknown, and Mrs. Greer and Mrs. Pankey were conveyed by the same omnibus this morning to the same train, and went away, sadder and perhaps wiser women.

On the way to the train there was another ebullition of passion between the two women, but a personal encounter was prevented by a number of drummers who were also passengers. It is thought the end is not yet.

Hon. C. S. Conger, who had just adjourned the Circuit Court, was in the rotunda of the hotel, and witnessed the entire proceedings. At one time the judge was politely requested to take part in the contest by Mrs. Greer, but he declined.

### INHUMAN LOVE.

The Horrible Confession Made on a Death-bed—A Girl Poisons her Sister Through Guilty Love for the Sister's Husband.

A sad story of crime comes to us from the little village of Plainfield, Illinois. A most startling announcement was made by a young woman upon her dying bed. The facts are as follows: About five years ago the oldest daughter of a respectable widow woman named McMillan was united in marriage to a Cincinnati traveling man named Frank B. Osborne. At the time of his marriage he was apparently about twenty-three years of age. Everything seemed to run smoothly after the marriage, the couple seeming to be well mated and were evidently enjoying married life to the same degree as other young married couples. About two years after the marriage, Osborne, it was noticed by the more intimate friends of the family, began to neglect his wife. He was, it is true, away from home sometimes on business for three months at a time, and when he returned from his trip on the roads he did not seem to pay very much attention to his wife, treating her in the coolest and most unconcerned manner. A little over two years ago Osborne's wife was taken sick, and as he was then home on a vacation, he remained to nurse her, assisted by his sister-in-law, a younger sister of his wife's, who was a

VERY BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

His wife was sick for three days, and one morning about 4 o'clock she suddenly died. She was buried a day or two afterwards, and her husband followed her remains to the grave, bowed with seeming sorrow and grief. In seven months after the death of his wife he was married to his wife's sister Clara, with whom he lived about a year, when he suddenly left for parts unknown, and ever since his departure there has not been anything heard from him. His wife grew disconsolate and seemed to be in the most unhappy state of mind, gradually growing worse each day, when two or three weeks ago she was compelled to go to bed, from which she never arose alive. On Saturday night it was evident that she could not live many hours longer, and she called her mother to her bedside and said that she had a

TERRIBLE CONFESION.

to make before her death. She confessed that Osborne and herself had been on terms of intimacy and that they had been desperately in love with each other, and had been criminally intimate long before her sister had died. She also made the terrible confession that Osborne and herself had administered poison in the medicine of her sister, which was the cause of her death. After the confession the discarded wife—the inhuman sister—then gasped for breath, and after two or three death struggles she passed to the mercy of her God.

It is not known where Osborne is, but it is thought when he left this place he went East; but since he left the most diligent inquiry has failed to discover his present whereabouts.

### Meant Business.

STANFORD, Ky., Feb. 22.—The usually dull town of Houstonville, this county, was the scene, last night, of a triple shooting, the facts of which are as follows: A horse had been stolen from Will Powell, who sent for his brother Clay to assist him in searching for it. He left, accompanied by Samuel M. Williams, and these two, after fruitless efforts, started home at a late hour. As they drove along two men on horseback were seen in their rear acting in a suspicious manner, and Powell asked several times who they were, but received no answer. Arriving at Houstonville, Powell and Williams stopped at a Hotel, and when the two men on horseback came up Powell invited them to get down and come in. They declined when Powell walked out and asked them to let him examine their horses. At this one of the men, who proved to be Arch. Rowsie, drew his pistol and said: "You can examine that." Williams had come up by this time, and the other man, supposed to be one Curry, sent a bullet whizzing through his shoulder. Rowsie then fired, striking Powell in the abdomen. As soon as Williams was shot he hobbled into the hotel, got a shot-gun, and returning emptied its load of buckshot into the bowels of Rowsie, who will no doubt die. Rowsie is a man of the most desperate character, and at the time of the shooting was a fugitive from justice, with a reward of \$300 for his head, he having, it is said, shot a brakeman on the Louisville and Nashville railroad last Christmas for no cause whatever. He is a brother of the noted Rowsie who was taken from the jail here a number of years ago, and hanged by a mob of indignant citizens. Clay Powell is not seriously hurt. While Williams' wound is not necessarily fatal, it is a severe one. Williams is the man who was returned from Oregon, last year on a requisition for the killing of Tom Burns. He was tried at Liberty last December, resulting in a hung jury, since which time he has been on bail. The sheriff and posse are on the look-out for the guilty parties.





MRS. MARGARET ALLEN, A FEMALE DESPERADO, WHILE BEING PURSUED ACROSS THE KANAWHA RIVER, KEEPS HER WOULD-BE CAPTORS AT BAY BY A FREE USE OF HER REVOLVER, AND ESCAPES—AFTERWARDS CAPTURED IN A THIEVES' RENDEZVOUS; RITCHIE COUNTY, W. VA.—SEE PAGE 3.



A TRAVELER DRIVES INTO A SWOLLEN CREEK, AND IS FORCED TO TAKE REFUGE FROM DROWNING BY CLINGING TO A TREE, AND REMAINS FOR THIRTEEN HOURS IN THAT PERILOUS PREDICAMENT; FRANKLIN, KY.—SEE PAGE 10.

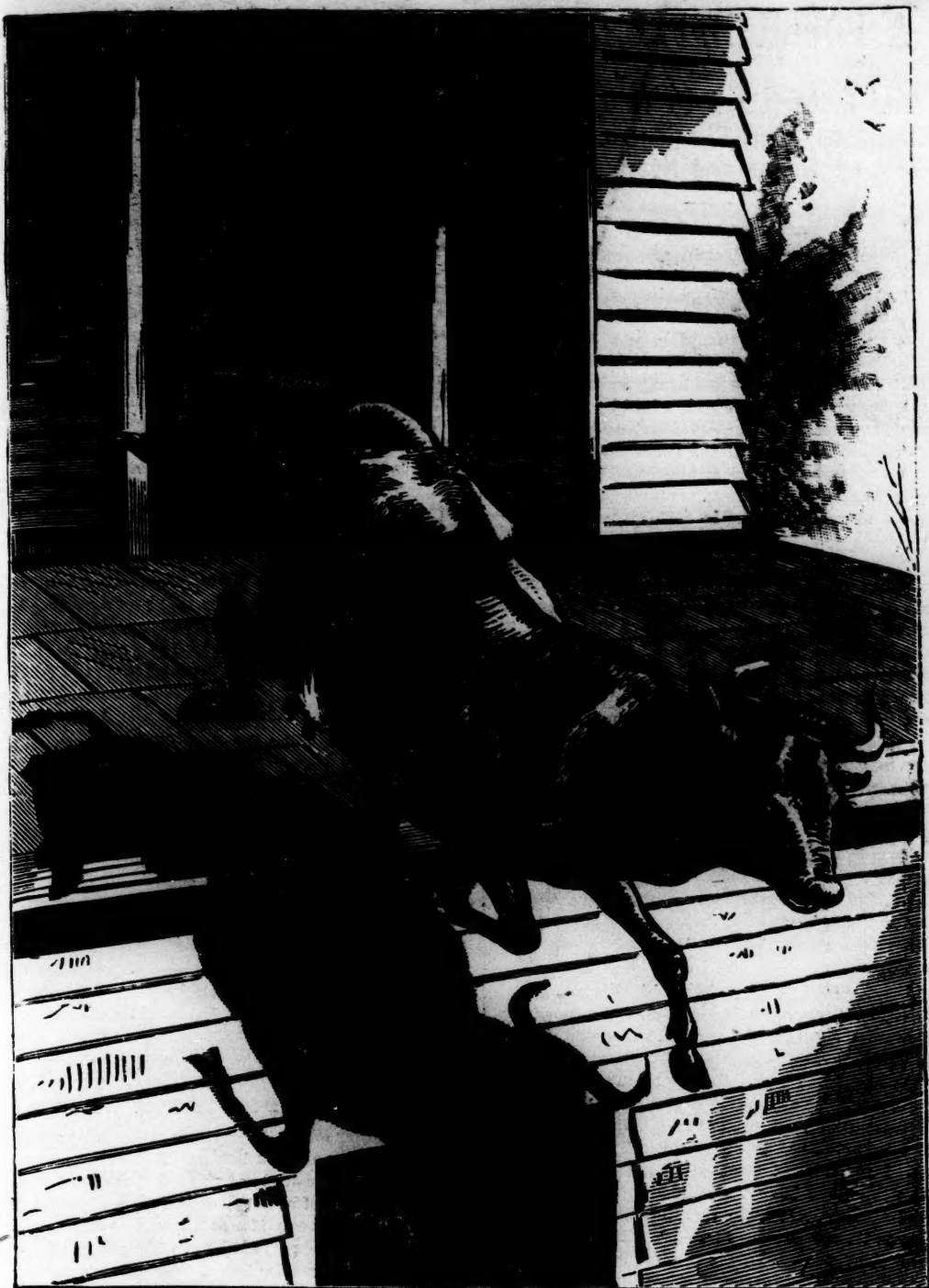


A MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY IN PATERSON, N. J.—MRS. HARRIET HINCK, A WIDOW, IS FOUND DEAD IN HER BED, HAVING BEEN MURDERED FOR THE PURPOSE OF ROBBERY—SCENE WHEN THE CRIME WAS DISCOVERED.—SEE PAGE 5.



LADY MACBETH LIVES AGAIN IN MRS. NEVINS OF EVART, ILL., WHO PROVES HERSELF A WORTHY COUNTERPART OF THAT ARCH SCHEMER—SHE DELIBERATELY PLOTS HER HUSBAND'S DEATH, AND ASSISTS IN CARRYING OUT HER FIENDISH PLANS.—SEE PAGE 6.





AN INQUISITIVE "CRITTER" OF THE BOVINE SPECIES ENTERS A HOTEL, AND AFTER MAKING AN INVESTIGATION "TAKES A TUMBLE" TO THE SIDEWALK; HOUSTON, TEXAS.—SEE PAGE 2.



FOR CHARITY'S SAKE—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, BROAD STREET, DURING AN AUCTION OF FOWLS FOR THE RELIEF OF IRELAND—LEVY, CORNETIST, FURNISHING THE MUSIC.—SEE PAGE 3.



HALL AND SMITH, THE MURDERERS OF MAJOR PUGH, EXPIATE THEIR CRIME UPON THE GALLOWS, AND AFFORD THE CIVILIZED CITIZENS OF MURFREESBORO, TENN., AN OPPORTUNITY TO ENJOY AN OLD-FASHIONED BARBECUE—SCENES AND INCIDENTS THAT SMACK OF BARBARISM.—[FROM SKETCHES FURNISHED BY SPECIAL GAZETTE ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 7]



## A BAD SHOT.

Firing at Close Range, and Only Hitting the Mark Once.

IT PAYS SOMETIMES

To Be Unskillful as a Marksman, Especially When the Target is an Old Man.

A WOMAN IN IT, AS USUAL.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Feb. 18.—This forenoon our city was disgraced with another shooting affray, which occurred in front of the Capital Hotel. The street was crowded at the time, and it was a miracle that no one was killed. The scene was one of the wildest excitement, the shots causing horses to stampede and pedestrians to seek shelter in the convenient doors. The affray has been brewing for several days, and like the majority of cases, there is a woman at the bottom of it. The shooter was a young man named Alexander McEwen, a printer, who has been a resident of Little Rock almost uninterruptedly for the past fifteen years, having served his apprenticeship in the *Gazette* office. A few days since he left his wife and, it is said, took up with a girl named Minnie Moennich. The father of the girl, an old gray-headed man, became frantic with grief. He searched high and low for his daughter, but in vain. He called the police to his assistance, but still she

and give of their abundant store what they can to the relief of the distress.

McEwen gave bond in the sum of \$1,000, with Messrs. John E. Reardon and Angelo Marre as sureties.

Excited His Curiosity.

"Deadwood," said the stranger, putting down his half-eaten slice of lemon pie and taking a long pull at the milk. "I went there when the first rush was made for the hills. Rather a rough crowd the first lot, you bet; more wholesome now. When I got there I was dead-broke—didn't have a dollar; didn't have a revolver, which a man'll often need out there worse'n a meal o' vittles. I was prob'ly the only man in the hills who didn't carry a firearm, an' I was some lonesome, I tell you. The only weapon I had—I'm a blacksmith—was a rasp, a heavy file, you know, 'bout eighteen inches long, which I carried down my back, the handle in easy reach just below my coat collar. Understand? Like the Arkansaw man carries his bowie-knife. I'm not exactly a temperance man. I just don't drink an' don't meddle with any other man's drinkin'—that's all. One day—I hadn't been in Deadwood more'n a week—I was sittin' in a 'loon—only place a man kin set to see any society—when a feller come in, a reg'lar hustler, with his can full and a quart over. He'd a revolver on each side of his belt an' looked vicious. Nothin' mean about him, though. Askt me to drink. 'Not any, thank you,' sez I. 'Not drink with me! Me! Bill Feathergill! When I ask a tenderfoot to drink I expect him to prance right up an' no monkeyin'! You he-a-r me!'

"Well, when his hand went down for his revolver, I whipped out my old file quick'n fire 'ud scorch a feather an' swiped him one right across the face. When he fell I thought I'd killed him, an' the 'loon fillin' up with bummers I sorter skinned out, not knowin' what might happen. Purty soon a chap in a red shirt came up to me. Sez he, 'You the man as he-aved Bill Feathergill? Cos, ef so be as you are, ef you don't want evry man in the hills to climb you don't you try to hide yourself—the boys is askin' fur you now.'

"It struck me that my friend had the idee, so I waitzed back and went up and down before that 'loon for nigh three hours. I'd found out Bill wasn't dead an' was bad medicine, but it would do to let down. Purty soon I see my man a-headin' fur me. His face had been patched up till it looked like the closing out display of a retail dry goods store. There was so little countenance exposed that I couldn't guess what he was a-aimin' at, so I brought my hand back of my collar an' grabbed my file.

"Hold on there; hold on," sez he; 'gimme yer hand. I'm friendly; I've got nothin' agin you, not a thing, but—you'll pardon my curiosity—what sort of a d-d weepson was that, stranger?'

Squaring Accounts.

The other day two strangers were toasting their shins on opposite sides of a big stove in a ferry-wharf saloon, and it was noticed that they often looked at each other as if almost certain that they had met each other before. Finally one of them got up and said:

"Stranger, I've seen a face almost like yours. Did you ever have a brother Bill?"

"Yes."

"Was he a sailor?"

"He was."

"Did you hear of him last about ten years ago?"

"Yes; just about ten years ago."

"Stranger," continued the first, seeming greatly affected, "I've sailed with your brother Bill. We were wrecked together on the Pacific, and before help came I had to kill and eat him! I knew you must be related. I'm awful sorry it was your brother, and though I was driven to it and the law can't touch me, I'm willing to pay you damages. Be kinder fair with me, for Bill was old and tough. About how much do you think is fair?"

The other wiped a tear from his eye, spat across the stove and replied:

"Stranger, where is your dad?"

"Been dead these twelve years."

"Died in Nevada, didn't he?"

"Yes; out there somewhere."

"Well, I killed him! I knew you were his son the minute I saw you. He and I were in a mine, and one day as we were going up in the bucket I saw that the old rope was going to break under the strain. When we were up about two hundred feet I picked up your old dad and dropped him over. It was bad on him, but it saved me. Now you ate my brother Bill, and I murdered your old dad, and I guess we'd better call it even and shake to see who pays for the drinks."

They shook, drank, and the old lake captains who could not tell a lie had to sit back and realize how sad a thing it was that they were born with such tender consciences.

He's a Widower.

MOUNT JOY, Pa., Feb. 24.—John Wollege, a barber of this town, who had repeatedly threatened his wife with bodily harm because of an unfounded suspicion that she had been too intimate with other men, shot her in the side this afternoon with an old musket, inflicting fatal injuries. A son of Wollege, aged fifteen years, was considerably injured by stray shot. The barber, who was committed to the Lancaster county jail, maintains that the shooting was accidental, but his wife told a different story shortly after she had been wounded. Wollege is about forty-five years old and his wife ten years younger. The tragedy was followed by much excitement, and for a while there was danger of Wollege being lynched.

They have a new "religious movement" in Maine. At a Universalist's sociable in Augusta, Thursday evening, five young ladies were sold at auction at prices varying from 30 cents to \$2.

## A ROUGH EXPERIENCE.

A Man Rides into Deep Water and Remains all Night Clinging to a Tree—Torn by Thorns and Nearly Frozen.

[Subject of Illustration.]

FRANKLIN, Ky., Feb. 19.—At about six o'clock on last Friday evening a man by the name of C. M. Moore, from Nashville, arrived at the residence of M. B. Cushmanberry, about six miles from town, on the Louisville & Nashville turnpike, and inquired for parties living near Richpond. He remained about an hour, when he mounted his horse and rode off. At about seven o'clock cries were heard by some members of the family of Mr. Cushmanberry and a search in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, revealed the fact that the stranger had got into a decidedly unpleasant position, from which it would be difficult to rescue him. It seems that Mr. Moore had

RIDDEN INTO THE SWOLLEN WATERS of Sinking creek, at a point nearly a mile from the house of Mr. Cushmanberry, and had narrowly escaped drowning. Attempting to make a landing, his frightened horse floundered against a fence and commenced rearing and plunging in a perfectly unmanageable manner, and it was with difficulty that he retained his seat in the saddle. Succeeding finally in getting the horse turned from the fence, the frantic animal commenced wheeling rapidly around, making no headway toward a landing. Moore noticed a small thorn tree a short distance from him, and by a careful manipulation of the reins, gradually caused the horse to approach it. This required patience, coolness and care, but at last the tree was reached, and Moore, grasping a limb, swung himself from the tired beast and securing a footing on a frail limb some distance beneath the water, clasped the tree and, in

SPITE OF THE CRUEL THORNS, that tore his flesh, retained his hold, while the horse, freed from the weight of his rider, succeeded in making a landing. It was in this predicament he was discovered by his late host. How to rescue the unfortunate stranger was a question that remained for a long time unanswered. It was not long before news of the affair had spread and brought several persons to the scene. Messrs. D. D. Cardwell, King Nicoll, George Bradley and Joe Kirby, assisted by two or three colored men, constructed a raft, but when completed a delay in its use was occasioned by the fact that it was not large enough to float three persons, and the party being in ignorance as to the condition of Moore, and fearful that if one man approached him on the frail raft he might cling to his would-be preserver and drown both, they cast about for some reinforcement to the means already at hand.

After considerable delay, a small canoe was procured at a point three miles beyond Woodburn, and the suffering man was rescued after having clung to the thorn-tree for

THIRTEEN LONG HOURS.

The names of the parties who brought him safely from the tree are Hanley and Wilson. When reached he had sufficient strength to crawl upon the raft, and his strong constitution sustained him until he reached the shore, when he sank limp and lifeless to the ground. He was carried to the house of Mr. King Nicoll, where he received every necessary attention. His flesh in places was badly lacerated by the long, sharp thorns of the tree to which he had clung so long, while his lower limbs suffered greatly from their long bath in the chilling water. Taken altogether, it was an experience that many men, with less stiffness of upper lip than Moore possessed, would have succumbed to.

BLACKMAILING!

Shameful Scheming By a Heartless and Avaricious Vixen.

[With Portrait.]

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 20.—A cruel attempt at blackmailing has recently come to light in this city. The facts are these: A certain young lady, the daughter of highly-respected parents, while attending a boarding-school, fell beneath the influence of a man who set about robbing her of that best gift of heaven, her virtue. Slowly but surely the viper entwined about the innocent school-girl the coils that eventually so fastened themselves around her that escape was impossible. Powerless to resist the fascination of the venomous serpent, and not sufficiently schooled in the ways of the unprincipled man, the dazzled child followed in the path pointed out by her destroyer, while she did not realize whither she went. Trusting her treacherous guide, she unconsciously strolled through the pleasant avenues, magnificently lined by gorgeously beautiful roses and deliciously perfumed, not perceiving the frightful cliff that lay hidden until she had plunged down the terrific abyss.

When the poor, deceived child began to realize that her misstep entailed consequences that must result in her becoming a mother she turned in her fathomless grief to that best of all earthly friends—her own mother. The love she found there proved a shield to her, and that love alone saved her from receiving the dreadful brand of an outcast.

Determined to spread over her erring daughter a mantle that would protect the wronged girl from the merciless scorn of unprincipled society, the mother sent the outraged school-child to a place in this city, where an accouchement would not result in furnishing gossip food for scandal. It was sensibly realized that the better way to act would be to attempt the cloak-ing of the young girl's error, as nothing could accrue to her advantage in future life by permitting an exposure, and appealing for sympathy where no such thing as sympathy or palliation is known. The

preferable plan to adopt, it was thought, was to give her a

CHANCE TO REFORM

under circumstances that were kneaded with the elements of encouragement that never could be hoped for if the cold, unfeeling world once possessed itself of the dread secret.

A boy was born about two months ago, and it was a part of the plan to provide the little stranger with a home. To that end a respectable couple was advertised for to adopt the child, and D. G. Graham and his wife, now residing at 99 Clinton street, who responded, were intrusted with the care of the infant. The sum of \$25 was given to the Grahams, who took the child; but, after retaining it a couple of days or so, they returned it, stating they couldn't keep it. But they managed to keep the \$25. The infant was then placed in St. Joseph's Foundling Asylum at Avondale.

After remaining there awhile a woman, purporting to be a lady, saw the boy baby while visiting the institution, and, pretending to take an uncontrollable fancy to it, requested the Sister Superior to permit her to take it to raise. The good Sister concluded that, notwithstanding the fact that money allowances were made for the little fellow, he might be better provided for by the lady who professed to love him so dearly than he could be at the asylum, where there were so many other children to care for, and so it was arranged that the woman should take the baby.

THE SCHEME

began at this point, for the designing creature who made so many pretensions of loving the child was none other than Mrs. Graham, the woman who first took the boy and returned it, but forgot to give back the \$25. Thus the child came a second time into the possession of the Grahams. Now begins the blackmail!

Working upon the fear of the young mother who the blackmailers knew dreaded exposure, the Grahams began a system of bleeding. Their threats to enounce the young girl's mistake, if money were not forthcoming, were at once brutal and criminal. Here is a letter written by Graham to the young lady, whom the brutes imagined they had in their power:

"CINCINNATI, OHIO, Feb. 7th, 1890.

"Miss—  
"Yours of yesterday received; you say that you sent P. O. Order for \$5, if so, it was never received by me or my wife—and even if it had \$5 would be of no consequence as it would not pay 1-5 of the debts that I have made on acct of baby—it is no use of talking I must raise \$25 at once if not through you or some other way. I am sorry that I have to write to you so often about this matter but I must have the above amount which is small if you want the baby you can have him by paying for the care and trouble we have had to raise him also what debts I have had to make for him which you will find to be a large sum over \$25. I have a friend in the *Enquirer* office who told me that he would give me \$100 if I would give him the names of the mother and all I know about the matter so that he could publish it in his paper, but I thought perhaps you would rather give me the \$25 than to have the whole case come out in the *ENQUIRER* before the whole world; but if you do not send me the above amount by Wednesday morning I will tell the whole story to the reporter and he will publish the whole case about you; you can do as you like about the matter (but I will take the \$100 before I will let parties run me for money to pay your baby's bill!) I shall expect an answer at once from you telling me what you propose to do about it.

D. G. G.

No 99 Clinton street.

So persistent were the efforts made by the Grahams to retain possession of the child and so brazen were their attempts to bleed money, that the case was put in the hands of the chief of police to recover the baby from the Grahams. Suspecting this from the movements of an interested party who was seen by the reporter at the Grahams' with an officer, inquiry was made of Colonel Wapenstein regarding the affair, but that officer firmly denied any knowledge of it, so that the reporter was compelled to work out his own salvation. Up to a late hour last night the Grahams had possession of the child, and the friendly neighbor who kindly furnished the news-gatherer with points reported no more visits from officers.

In knocking about hunting up the history of the Grahams the reporter learned that they used to reside on North John street, next door to a house that was burglarized not long since, and on the night of the burglary another neighbor, according to his statement, saw the burglar who did the work come out of Graham's house, enter the one next door and return to Graham's house again, after having performed the burglary. Nothing good was heard of the Grahams, and after pushing his investigation up to last night the reporter concluded that it was safe to write the couple down as a bad lot.

To give the name of the wronged girl referred to above would be only to add fresh agony to one who has already suffered sufficiently to atone for her error, and as it is not necessary in the expose of the brutal blackmailers, its publication would only be a cruelty. It is not the desire of this paper to please and further the designs of the shameless wretches who are the real criminals.

A Murderous Pair.

[With Portrait.]

Criminal annals do not furnish a more cold-blooded and deliberate crime than that perpetrated by Joseph W. Wade and Mrs. Mary A. Brown. The latter will take a place among the female fiends of this century. Her husband stood in the way of their enjoyment of their love, and his life was the forfeit. In her confession, published in last week's *GAZETTE*, there is revealed ample material for proof of the doctrine of total depravity. Wade maintains his innocence, but the evidence against him is so conclusive that any protest from him will be of little account.

M'EWEN'S STATEMENT:  
I was talking to Mr. Ramsey, in front of the Capital Hotel, about buying a gun, when the old gentleman came up to me. I had heard he had threatened my life. He said: "Have you got my daughter?" I said no, but I can tell you where she is. Then he began abusing me, calling me very hard names, a thief, a liar, etc. I told him to go away and let me alone. He still followed me. I told him to "go on." He put his hand in his pocket, and I saw he was getting "madder and madder." He continued to come toward me, and I thought he was armed, and so drew my revolver and commenced shooting at him. I didn't try to kill the old gentleman, and I think I fired three or four shots. The first "hung fire" and didn't hit him.

Where is the girl?  
I don't care to tell now, but am ready to go with the officer to where she is.

What is her name?

Minnich?

No, I should spell it Moennich.

MRS. M'EWEN

is a sweet-faced, modest little lady, living at 316 Center street. She was very sorry the affair had happened, sorry for Alex. and sorry for the girl. She stated: "I don't know why my husband left me. He told me he was going to a girl named Mollie Martin in Tennessee, but I thought it was this girl at the time. He said he wouldn't live with me, that I was too good, and my principles were too pure for him. 'To hell I'm going,' he said, 'and I don't want to take you.' Sunday he came to see me and asked if I wasn't sorry he had left me? I told him truthfully 'yes.' In regard to the future she said she would 'probably go to Father McEwen, at Knoxville, Tenn., if he would take her, even as a servant.' The lady bears an excellent name, was born in Danville, and raised in this city by Mrs. Hampton. Her maiden name was Lizzie Smith.

In company with Chief Counts, we went in search of the girl, and found her in a dress-making establishment at 521 Center street, kept by Mrs. Nevels. She is what some people would call pretty, about eighteen or twenty years of age, brown eyes, light hair, RUDDY COMPLEXION AND FLESHY.

After some persuasion she consented to go and attend her father, and did so in company with the officer. She had but little to say, and exhibited no compassion. She said she was engaged to be married to McEwen.

A tall, fine-looking gentleman, with two little boys at his bedside, was found at 707 Spring street, crying, moaning and praying to die. The old gentleman is a painter, has been out of work for some time and needs good attention. He says he has a sister living at 3801 Carondelet avenue, St. Louis, and another on St. Joseph Campus avenue, Detroit.

Our citizens should call at the house, or follow the example set by the chief, who is by no means wealthy,



## ANCHORS FROM TOPPET.

A Young Woman Indulges  
in Forbidden Fruit and  
Pays the Penalty  
With Death.

A BLOODTHIRSTY SON OF MARS.

The Raber Murderers Still  
Looking Forward to a  
Ripe Old Age.

CROOKED WHISKY IN HOOSIERDOM

A Des Moines, Iowa, Benedict Tests  
the Resisting Force of His  
Wife's Head With a Rock.

OPEN TO LEAP-YEAR ENGAGEMENTS.

### ASSASSINATED AN ACTRESS.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Feb. 23.—John Lanham, convicted of the assassination of George Drake, an actress, for which he was to have been hanged on Friday next, had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life to-day by Governor Roberts.

### HELD TO ANSWER.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Feb. 19.—Mrs. Sallie Chase, arrested several days ago for inhuman treatment of an adopted daughter nine years old, at Creston, has been held to appear before the Grand Jury in \$1,000. An account of her cruelties have already been published in the GAZETTE.

### DISGRACING HIS CLOTH.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 25.—The Rev. A. W. Paige pleaded guilty in the United States District Court this morning to the charge of sending obscene letters through the mails, and was fined \$300 and costs amounting to \$170. He was taken to the Hartford county jail in default.

### SUIT FOR DIVORCE.

WASHINGTON, C. H., Feb. 23.—Mary E. Taylor vs. George W. Taylor, petition for divorce on the ground of adultery with one Barbary E. Clifton. The parties were married in December, 1859, and have four children. This is a notorious case, owing to the fact that, it is alleged, the defendant squandered a large sum of money on the Clifton woman.

### SETTING HIS UNCLE AN EXAMPLE.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 20.—A young man, named Charles Cameron, nephew of Hon. Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, was arrested in this city to-night for breaking into cars. He had papers upon his person to establish his identity, and is a member of the noble army of tramps. He was locked up in the city calaboose in default of bail.

### WILD MADGE.

TEXARKANA, Ark., Feb. 21.—A female lunatic was found in the woods near here to-day by some hunters. She was almost entirely naked, and gives the name of Madge, but refused to state the whereabouts of her friends or any history of herself. She is cared for by the authorities here, and this may give her friends some clue to her whereabouts.

### A SMUGGLER'S ESCAPE.

BOSTON, Feb. 24.—An exciting encounter took place in the vicinity of Derne and Bowdoin streets a few days ago, between two customs officers and a party who was driving a team containing smuggled cigars. The officer fired two shots at the driver to make him stop. The fellow, however, drove through Somerset and Beacon streets and escaped.

### DON'T LET YOUR ANGRY, ETC.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 24.—William Penn, aged thirty years was stabbed and killed by an old man named Kinan at noon to-day on Tunnel street, near Fifth avenue. The two men were walking together and the murder was the result of hot words passing between them. Although the street was crowded at the time of the stabbing, the only witnesses were two school-boys. The murderer has not yet been arrested.

### AVENGING A SISTER'S RUIN.

AUSTIN, Texas, Feb. 20.—To-day C. T. McMillan, residing in this city, was called to the door by a man named Ives, living several miles out in the country. Ives immediately drew a six-shooter, and began firing on McMillan, who ran, but not until he was hit in the stomach and mortally wounded. McMillan fell dead on the back steps. The cause was McMillan's alleged seduction of Ives' sister. The murderer surrendered himself.

### SHOOTING MATCH.

GLENCOE, Ky., Feb. 22.—A difficulty occurred here last night between Buena Stewart and Oscar Stevens, in which the latter received three shots out of six fired from a pistol in the hands of the former, while Stewart in return received a four-inch gash across the cheek from Steven's knife. The affray began with a fist encounter, Stewart's face being severely beaten,

and terminated with the above result. None of the wounds, are necessarily fatal.

### A SECOND-TERMER.

WILMINGTON, O., Feb. 23.—George Grimes was on Saturday found guilty of burglary and larceny in breaking into the drug-store of Brunn Bros., on January 19th, and stealing twenty-five gallons of gin-valued at \$45, and was sentenced this morning to the Penitentiary for the term of three years. This is the second time that the defendant has been sent from this county to the penitentiary within the last four years, being sent before for the same kind of an offense.

### LURED TO RUIN.

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 21.—Several days ago a young girl, a stranger in the city, applied at the residence of a citizen for a place as domestic. Soon after she was taken sick, and last night died from the effects of an abortion, self-inflicted. Just before she died she acknowledged the act, and said her true name was Ida Leven, and her home Atlantic. Her father is a grocer, and the family highly respected. The supposition is she is the victim of some seducer there, and came here to hide her shame.

### DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—A shooting affray took place near Princeton, Ill., Thursday last from the effects of which two persons died yesterday. A. D. Garvin, an ex-soldier of unenviable reputation, having trouble with his sister, Mrs. Kessick, agreed for a money consideration to leave the country. He returned shortly after and attempted to kill Mrs. Kessick, but was prevented by a daughter, who received the bullet in her own body, killing her instantly. Garvin then shot himself through the head, inflicting a wound from which he died next day.

### MASCULINE RIGHTS.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Feb. 19.—There has been much excitement over the cold-blooded murder last evening of a woman by her husband. He struck her with a stone weighing ten pounds, and kicked and bruised her afterwards. Her skull was crushed in, and she died in a short time. The murderer delivered him, self up this morning, and is now in jail. His name is Osborne, and he claims that he did the deed because his wife was unfaithful to him. He had whipped the woman before, and there is not much mercy for him among his own class.

### SENSATIONAL CASE OF INFANTICIDE.

MR. VERNON, Feb. 23.—There is considerable excitement in the Scaffold Cave neighborhood, this county, caused by finding, yesterday morning, in a horse lot near the house of James Auglin, the dead body of a newly-born male infant. The body was discovered by one of the neighbors. An inquest was held, and the investigation disclosed enough circumstances to cause the arrest of Auglin, his wife and daughter. The daughter, a girl about thirteen, is suspected of being the mother of the child. A judicial examination will take place in a short time.

### A POLICEMAN'S LOT.

LANCASTER, O., Feb. 23.—A desperate encounter took place last night in the Fifth Ward. Policeman Dutton arrested Kangy Lantz, Marshal Nicely had also arrested Dud Carpenter at the same time. While on their road to the police station Lantz struck Dutton a terrible blow over the head with some murderous instrument, almost crushing his skull. At the same moment Carpenter made a desperate struggle to escape from the Marshal, but was knocked senseless and dragged to head-quarters. Lantz was found this morning and lodged in jail.

### MORE WHISKY.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—It is stated by a government official who ought to know that crooked whisky is being manufactured on an extensive scale throughout the entire state of Indiana. A large number of saloon-keepers have been arrested here and taken before Commissioner Hoyne, charged with having in their possession large quantities of whisky which they did not come by in a regular way. Their arrest, and other suspicious circumstances connected with the shipment of whisky to Chicago, has put the revenue officers on the alert, and one of the results is the arrest of an alleged ringleader in a crooked distillery at Crown Point, Ind., named S. E. Williams. A large number of arrests will follow immediately.

### TRAMP ACTS.

BOSTON, Feb. 22.—Yesterday afternoon, while Mr. D. G. Thompson's two daughters, aged twelve and nine years, were in the field back of their father's house, on Dana avenue, Hyde Park, the elder was approached by a tramp, who attempted an indecent assault. Her screams frightened him away. Soon after, the woods in the vicinity were thoroughly searched by about fifty citizens, but no traces of the fellow could be found. He is a short man, rather good looking, with a sandy goatee, and was dressed in a light brown cutaway coat, plaid pantaloons, darker than the coat, and a faded slouch hat. His age was probably about twenty-five or thirty years. It is thought he went in the direction of Canton or Norwood.

### THE SOUTHERN STYLE.

LAWRENCEVILLE, S. C., Feb. 20.—At a party at the residence of a prominent planter in this county, last night, a difficulty occurred between William Parker and J. F. Martin, when the latter called the former out into the road to settle their differences. Both were armed with revolvers. After reaching a point in the road some distance from the scene of festivities, both young men renewed the quarrel, which resulted in their firing at one another. Which began the fire is not known, but four of five shots were exchanged, during which Parker was killed, having four balls in his body, and Martin was dangerously and probably mortally wounded, having two balls in his chest. Both young men belong to the best families in this section of the state.

### BAGGED HIS HEAD.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Feb. 20.—A daring robbery was committed on the Jefferson street bridge last night. Mr. J. B. Cline, of Rochester, N. Y., who has been in

this city several days, was coming across the bridge from the Fourth ward. When he had reached about a third of the distance he passed three men, rough-looking characters, with slouch hats drawn over their faces. The instant they had passed him one of them turned and threw a sack over Mr. Cline's head. Another pinned his arms tightly behind him, while the other rapidly unbuttoned his overcoat, thrust a hand into his pants pocket, and relieved him of a roll of bills amounting to about \$47. The assault was so unexpected that Mr. Cline was unable to make even an attempt at defense.

### THE IRREPRESSIBLE TRAMP.

MARLBOROUGH, Mass., Feb. 20.—This afternoon a tramp called at one of the summer residences on the Neck, where Mr. Samuel Doliver is living. Inquiry was made if the man of the house was in. On being answered that he was not at home, the tramp made a desperate assault on Mrs. Doliver, knocking her down, and, doubtless, would have accomplished his villainous purpose, but for her terrible struggles and screams. The tramp, fearing assistance might be near, fled. Mrs. Doliver, with wonderful courage and great presence of mind, seized the revolver of her husband, lying near, and discharged two barrels through the door after the villain, who managed to escape, though careful search was made for him on the return of Mr. Doliver. This is the third attempt at outrage in this town by tramps this week.

### A FAITHLESS FRAU.

DALLAS, Tex., Feb. 19.—Something of a ripple in staid German circles has been occasioned by the following developments: One year ago August Spellman, a grocer of Houston, dispatched his wife with \$1,000 to the fatherland after a legacy left her. A few days after her departure Spellman's partner, Jacob Hertolser, sold out his interest and left Houston, ostensibly to go north. The faithless frau and paramour met at Dallas, where they have lived ever since as man and wife. Hertolser opened a grocery there. One day a Houston acquaintance came across him and his assumed wife, and informed Spellman, who arrived here to-day. Hertolser got an inkling that his outraged partner was coming, and made his escape. The irate Spellman had his wife arrested, but after a few hours she was released, and the probability is they will return home together.

### DIABOLICAL.

WHEELING, W. Va., Feb. 20.—About a month ago the residence of Wm. Worrell, near Claysville, Pa., was burned to the ground. The fact that it was an incendiary act was evident at the time, but other particulars of a startling character have developed recently, which makes an exceedingly revolting occurrence. James Worrell, son of Wm. Worrell, was engaged to be married to a young lady in Washington county, but not having means to support a wife, he undertook to destroy his father and sister in the flames, so that he could come into possession of the property and thus be enabled to carry out his wishes. Before setting fire to the house he locked his sister in one room and tied his father in another room. Fortunately a servant discovered them before the flames reached them, and with difficulty saved their lives. Young Worrell is twenty-one years of age and highly educated. The family are highly respected in the community in which they live.

### MARKED FOR DEATH.

ATLANTA, Feb. 19.—The most horrible crime on record in Georgia is reported from Newton. A family there named Bevins relies for support on the hard work of the mother. The father is a drunken vagabond who hangs around and does nothing. Last night he came home, found his wife gone, and no one there but his sixteen-year-old daughter. Under the influence of liquor, hellish propensities controlled him. He seized her, hurled her on the bed, and outraged her person in a most brutal manner. The girl screamed and struggled, but no one was near enough to rescue her. When Bevins had accomplished the deed he seemed to realize its horror, and madly fled from the house, leaving his daughter senseless on the floor. News of the outrage spread like wildfire, and the country was aroused to the highest pitch of indignation. Every part of the surrounding country is being searched for Bevins, but he has not yet been found. If he is caught, lynching is certain.

### A SOCIAL BREEZE.

MACUNGIE, Pa., Feb. 21.—This place is considerably excited over the reported betrayal of a young woman living here, by a man well known in the mercantile circles of this section. The accused is a married man having a wife of a very respectable family. The girl is about thirteen years of age, and is the daughter of a respectable citizen of Macungie. The accused is said to have promised the young girl to make her his second wife as soon as his first one died, because he did not like his first wife any more. It is also reported that the young girl was threatened with death if she betrayed her seducer, and it is said she has letters to that effect. But trouble and fear worked too hard on the mind of the child, and as the burden was too heavy to bear she confessed all, and the horrible work of the accused was exposed. The matter has been hushed up, which has created great excitement. It is also stated that the man has since been thought insane, but the people generally put no confidence in that.

### STILL HOPING.

LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 25.—The Raber murderers, Brandt, Wise and Hummel, still entertain strong hopes of eventually escaping their doom and probably be imprisoned for life. Up to the present time neither of the poor misguided men are convinced of the irrevocable fate in store for them, believing still fondly that the board of pardons, their last resort, will revoke the action of the court and change their sentence to imprisonment for life and then by good conduct probably a pardon at the expiration of ten or fifteen years might follow. The men are in good mood and quite talkative when called upon by acquaintances. Brandt has held up wonderfully and his countenance does not look as if he had much

worritment, while the other two show signs of the fearful ordeal they have passed through. The board of pardons will not meet for the next two months, so that if they desire to take their case before that body they will have ample opportunity of preparing their cases. The men are no longer confined together but are placed in separate cells.

### DANCED TO DEATH.

The enjoyment of a merry party of dancers gathered at Library Hall, in South Eighth street, Williamsburg, N. Y., was summarily ended about 2 o'clock Wednesday morning, 25th inst., by a tragic occurrence. This was no less than the sudden swooning of a young woman engaged in the after-supper march and her almost instant death. Miss Annie Devoe is the name of the young woman, whose age was seventeen years. She had insisted upon attending a ball given on this occasion by the Star Social Club against the wishes of her father and two sisters, who accompanied her. Annie's relatives opposed her going because they feared the excitement might induce an epileptic attack, to which she had been subject, though not daring to state their reasons. The sequel proved their fears to be only too well founded. As Annie fell to the floor she was immediately lifted to an upright position and carried to an ante-room limp and senseless. All efforts to restore life proved futile. The body was subsequently removed to the family residence, attended by the mourning relatives and a few intimate friends.

### SEDUCTION AND DEATH.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 22.—To-day a young woman died at a respectable boarding-house in this city under rather mysterious circumstances. She came to the house five weeks ago, claiming to be a married woman, and, stating that she expected to be confined shortly, obtained board. Early this morning she was delivered of a healthy female infant, and the doctor left her shortly afterwards, she being in good condition at the time. At noon to-day he returned and found her dead. The lady of the house who was attending her says that she left her alone in the room for about five minutes, and on her return found her a corpse. No traces of poison were discovered, and it is not known what caused her death. Before her confinement she acknowledged to her physician that she was unmarried, and that she had been seduced by some man whose name she refused to give whilst teaching school in Kentucky. It has been discovered since her death that the name she went under here (Mrs. Graham) was assumed, and that her real name is Miss Mattie E. Coleman, of Prattville, Ala., where her folks reside. The name of her seducer is unknown. The child is healthy and likely to live.

### PERILS OF THE QUAKER CITY.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25.—While Miss H. E. Simon, residing in West Philadelphia, was passing along Chestnut street, above Twelfth, yesterday afternoon, she was suddenly surrounded by four men in such away as to screen her from observation of the other passers-by. This was done as if by accident, but was evidently preconcerted. One of the men grasped the reticule depending at Miss Simon's side, and, giving it a violent wrench, tore it off and passed it to another of his accomplices before Miss Simon could get a grasp upon it. The second man with 'the booty' dashed along Chestnut street to Jupiter and down that street, the other men separating in opposite directions. Reserve Gouley caught one of the men and a citizen overtook another. These two were taken to the Central station. When they arrived there and were searched the purse could not be found on either of them. The young men gave the names of Elmer Machette, of Ninth and Bainbridge streets, and Edward Mason, alias Rae, of Broad and Wharton streets. From papers in their possession it was apparent that they were from Washington D. C. Both gave their ages as nineteen years. After they had been locked up and as the Reserves were leaving the Central station to return to their posts, one of them picked up Miss Simon's purse which contained \$25, on the step just outside the station. It is supposed that Rae dropped it as he was entering the station, not having any other opportunity to get rid of it.

### HIS REVENGE.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 19.—A brutal murder occurred here at 7:15 o'clock this morning. William Theison shot his divorced wife, Mary Theison, in the mouth, and almost instantly killed her. Theison married his wife some years ago, she being already a divorced woman. He was then, and is now, a soldier. Three years ago he was ordered West, and spent the intervening period at one of the western forts. During his absence his wife got a divorce. This enraged him greatly, and he sent threatening letters to her. In the middle of last November he returned, having about \$338 with him. He went to his wife's house, broke in the windows, smashed the furniture and devastated things generally. She had him arrested, fined, and made to pay heavy damages, as well as to lodge some time in jail. When he was let out he was nearly out of money, and more than ever enraged at his wife, whom he now threatened to kill. She became much frightened, and not only notified the police but employed a private policeman to watch the house for her. Yesterday he was more abusive than usual, and she had him locked up to keep the peace. He was let out this morning on bail, and immediately went to his wife's house, caught her in a lower room, and putting a revolver to her side, shot her, the ball passing nearly through her body and lodging near the heart. The wounded woman rushed up-stairs into one of her boarder's rooms, that of a young soldier, and fell into his arms and died. Theison, after murdering his wife, rushed to a saloon near by, changed his overcoat, and fled northward. He was afterwards captured and lodged in jail. Mary Theison was a woman about thirty-five years of age. Her maiden name was Mary Rodenwald, and her first marriage was to August Hoffschmidt, who now lives in Piqua. From him she was divorced and married to her murderer. Theison is a heavy man, thirty-one years of age, and has been a soldier for five years.





JOS. W. WADE, MURDERER OF JOHN F. BROWN, HIS PARAMOUR'S HUSBAND; INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

#### Leap-Year Privileges.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Detroitter who was out in the country the other day to look after some poultry got stuck in a mud-hole, although having a light buggy and strong horse; he got out, took a rail off the fence, and was trying to pry the vehicle out, when along came a strapping young woman about twenty-six years of age. She halted, surveyed the situation, and said:

"You stand by the horse while I heave on the rail, and don't be afraid of getting mud on your hands and boots."

Their united efforts released the vehicle, and the Detroitter returned thanks and asked her to get in and ride. She hesitated, looked up and down the road, and finally said:



LEAP YEAR PRIVILEGES—A WESTERN GIRL CONCLUDES THAT SHE HAS "SLUMMIXED" THROUGH LIFE ALONE LONG ENOUGH, AND DEMONSTRATES HER WORTH TO A FARMER IN DISTRESS; NEAR DETROIT, MICH.



MARY A. BROWN, ACCESSORY TO THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND BY JOSEPH W. WADE, ON THE NIGHT OF FEB. 7TH.

dispersed to the shelter of adjacent lumber piles to await result. A solitary Sixth district policeman came sauntering down Delaware avenue. To him hastened one of the conspirators, in whose countenance alarm was plainly depicted. He told the patrolman there was a dead man in a barrel over on the wharf. The policeman hastened to the spot, and, taking a cursory view, wheeled and ran with all his might to the station house, where he communicated the horrifying tidings to the sergeant. The latter speedily repaired to the river and examined the supposed corpse in the presence of quite a crowd, who had by this time inspected the thing for themselves. The sergeant looked at it, poked it with his club, pulled it out of the barrel, turned it over, looked at it again, prodded it in the place where ribs ought to have been but were not, scanned the r-pier-macho



HIRAM P. ALLEN, A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF SANDWICH, ILL., MURDERED IN HIS BED BY BURGLARS ON THE MORNING OF FEB. 15.

"Stranger, I'm blunt spoken. Who are you?" He gave his name and residence, and she continued:

"I'm over twenty-five, worth \$500 in cash, know all about housework, and this is leap-year."

"Yes, I know, but for heaven's sake don't ask me to marry you!" he replied as he saw the drift.

"See here," she continued, looking him square in the eye, "I'm a straight girl, wear a No. 7 shoe, and I like the looks of you."

"Yes, but don't—don't talk that way to me!"

"Stranger, it's leap-year, and I'm going to pop! Will you have me or no?"

"I—I'm already married!" he faltered.

"Honest Injun."

"Yes."

"Well, that settles me and I won't ride. I'll take a cut across the field over to old Spooner's. He's got four sons and a fool nephew, and I'll begin on the old man and pop the crowd clear down to the idiot, for



MR. HAGAMAN, EDITOR OF THE BLADE, CONCORDIA, KANSAS, BRUTALLY ASSAULTED FOR CENSURING PUBLIC OFFICERS.



W. G. REID, DEPUTY COUNTY TREASURER OF CONCORDIA, KAN., IMPLICATED IN THE ASSAULT UPON MR. HAGAMAN.



J. S. PARADIS, RIVAL EDITOR: CHARGED WITH ASSAULTING HAGAMAN AFTER HE HAD BEEN RENDERED HELPLESS BY REID.

countenance, and then burst out with Sir Joseph Porter's memorable remark. The crowd burst into a guffaw, "Sold!" that was audible at Vine street. The boys had fun afterward in kicking the "dummy" around the wharf.

The sergeant and his men marched off, repeating the chorus from "The Pirates of Penzance:"

Taking one thing in consideration with another,

—Ration with another,

The policeman's lot is not a happy one

—Not a happy one.

But before that the news had been sent to the Central Station, notifying the coroner that an unknown man had been found dead on the wharf.

#### Burning Taffy.

CENTREVILLE, Ky., Feb. 21.—At a candy-pulling given by the ladies of the Methodist church at Masonic



LANGDON W. MOORE, ALIAS CHARLES ADAMS, BURGLAR: CHARGED WITH ROBBERING THE CHARLESTOWN, MASS., POST-OFFICE.

I've slummixed around this world just as long as I'm going to! Good by, sir—no harm done."—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### A Joke on the Police.

[Subject of Illustration.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 19.—Yesterday afternoon, about dusk, some mischievous youngsters rigged up a "dummy" representing a man and deposited it in a barrel on a pier near Willow street wharf, on the Delaware front. Everything being in readiness the party



A PARTY OF PHILADELPHIA GAMINS RIG UP A DUMMY, AND HOAX THE POLICE OF THAT CITY IN A GHASTLY MANNER.



MORRIS VAN HESSLER, A NOTED CHICAGO DESPERADO, FATALLY WOUNDED IN A STREET BRAWL IN THAT CITY FEB. 18.

Hall, last night, every thing passed off pleasantly until about 11 o'clock, when Ridgely Peckover, an eight-year-old son of Mrs. Jennie Peckover, who was playing about the hall, ran against Mrs. Mary Wher ritt, one of the waiters, who was carrying a waiter full of boiling candy, and the contents were all knocked into his face, and, running down his neck, burned him about the face and breast in the most frightful manner. He is suffering excruciating pain from his burns, and serious fears are entertained that they will prove fatal. No blame is attached to the lady, it being purely accidental.



# A Canine Thief-Catcher.

[Subject of Illustration.] Detective Von Gerichten of the Police Central Office had a peculiar adventure with a prisoner recently. The prisoner was Joseph Bachman, who was a member of a gang of masked robbers known as "The Hemlocks," that committed heavy depredations in Reading, Pa., and its neighborhood last fall. These robbers escaped detection or capture until in an attempt to rob a farm house just outside the town one of their number was shot, and being abandoned by his comrades was captured. In the hospital at Reading, believing himself about to die, he told the police the names and rendezvous of the members of the gang. The robbers fled, and detectives searched for them in Philadelphia and New York. Detective Von Gerichten, who had been given the case in this city, with the assistance of Detective Cumming of the Central Office, and Detective Denhard of Reading arrested Frederick Beirath and Augustus Lehr, alias Younger Nassauer, both of whom had been members of the broken band. The detectives were informed that a third member, Joseph Bachman, had been sent to Blackwell's Island on a short sentence for stealing shoes from in front of a boot and shoe store on the west side of the city. Bachman had been sentenced under his right name. On the 17th inst. word was sent to Superintendent Walling that Bachman's time would expire and he would be discharged early the next morning. Detective Von Gerichten had been to the penitentiary, and made himself familiar with Bachman's appearance. On the morning of the 18th he went to the foot of East Fifty-second street, and when he saw the guard boat putting out into the stream with several discharged men aboard, he concealed himself behind a rock and waited. There were eight of these discharged prisoners, and Bachman was the last to land. While the others clambered up the river bank, Bachman lingered to bid the keepers good-by. As he passed the hiding place of Von Gerichten, the detective sprang from behind the rock. The convict recognized him, divined his purpose, and fled across lots to the yard of Schaeffer's Brewery, in East Fifty first street. It was his intention to hide himself on the premises, but he had



CONVICT BACHMAN, MEMBER OF THE READING, PA., BAND OF MASKED ROBBERS, ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE FROM A DETECTIVE, AND IS BAFFLED BY A SAGACIOUS DOG, WHO LAYS HOLD OF HIS UNMENTIONABLES AND FORCES HIM TO SURRENDER; NEW YORK CITY.

hardly entered the yard when a large black Newfoundland dog sprang after him, and held him until his clothing parted, and a portion of it remained between the dog's teeth. Bachman fled again, and again the dog sprang upon him, this time tearing a sleeve from the man's coat. Finally, when Bachman was penned behind some barrels, with the dog guarding the only means of exit, the detective arrived, and made Bachman his prisoner. The others of the boat load of discharged prisoners, armed with sticks and stones, advanced to rescue Bachman. "Let him go," they shouted to the detective. A few stones were thrown at him. Fortunately the dog's loud and angry barking had called a number of the brewery hands to the yard. Some of the workmen had seen the affair from the brewery windows, and came prepared to act. At

sight of these, the discharged convicts, who had not dared to enter the yard on account of the dog's activity there, fled incontinently. The brewers acted as a body guard in escorting the detective and his prisoner to a First avenue car, on which the detective brought his man down town. Bachman was locked up in a cell in the Central Office. He is a short, stout, desperate-looking fellow, apparently less than thirty years old. He spoke in monosyllables, except to say that he was willing to return to Reading without waiting for a requisition, because, he said, he was certain the authorities there could prove nothing against him. As a matter of form, he was taken to Jefferson Market Court, where he again expressed his willingness to go to Pennsylvania. Detectives Von Gerichten and Lanthier departed for Reading.

with Bachman in their charge, that same day.

## "Oh, My! What Fun We Did Have."

[Subject of Illustration.] Mrs. McCarty, a Milwaukee lady, came to Cincinnati on the 18th inst. in search of her recreant daughter Ella, who ran away from home Mardi Gras night in company with a friend named Belle McCurdy. The two dears had been to a masquerade in Milwaukee that evening and became so fascinated with the gaiety of the occasion, Ella says, that they decided to extend the limit and hunt for fresh green pastures. So they slipped aboard an early morning train and came to Cincinnati, where they heard so much fun could be had for a little expense. Arriving in the P. & O., the young gaselles secured board and lodging at Mrs. Kelly's boarding-house, Seventh street near Race, and laid out a high old time. Mrs. McCarty got on to the girls' racket and went for them, or, rather, came for them. She laid her case before Colonel "Wappy," and he sent Detective Sugman to hunt them up. When they were brought into the Chief's office they were full of the fun they had. Miss McCarty seemed to have been mashed on our good-looking Imperial Caesar, Mayor Jacob, who dropped in. "Oh, my! what fun we did have," said Ella, chucking him under the chin. Then Ella Honor pulled down his vest, and stepped around with a look that said: "Oh! I'm such a doo-eg." The girls left with Mrs. McCarty for home on the 7 o'clock train that night.

## Sacreligious Spectators.

Wolf Creek, Iowa, is in an excited state over several suits now in progress. There was a revival at the church there under the pastorate of Rev. D. V. Bennett, and a week ago on Sunday some sixteen converts were immersed in Wolf Creek, a dam having been built to raise the water to a sufficient depth. It is charged that certain of the worldly-minded of the community made irreverent remarks at the baptism, advising the minister to "Duck him again," and inquiring of the submerged, "How is the weather?" Two of the offenders have been arrested and fined.



A COLORED FIEND, UPON HIS RELEASE FROM JAIL, PERPETRATES AN OUTRAGE UPON MISS MARY MORMON, AND IS CHASED DOWN BY THE INDIGNANT CITIZENS, WHO DECORATE A TREE WITH HIS CARCASS, THE INJURED LADY ASSISTING IN THE HEMPEN CEREMONIES; POINT OF ROCKS, MD.—SEE PAGE 6.



## MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of  
New York's Gas-Lit Life.

### A "SWELL" RECEPTION ON FIFTH AVENUE.

Arrival of the Carriages—How Daintily—  
Slipped Beauty Picks Her Way  
Over the Carpeted Pavement—The "German"  
Up Stairs.

THE KITCHEN RACKET, WHERE THE REAL FUN IS.

BY AN OLD BOUNDER.

A grand party, ball, reception, "kettle-drum," or "German" given in New York has its after midnight phases, both in the drawing-room and kitchen, that are replete with interest; so much so, indeed, that a pen and pencil sketch of one such scene makes a very proper picture in our series.

I knew where there was going to be a very swell "German" held, and after expressing my views on the subject to your artist he heartily agreed with me that our duty was plain: we must "scoop" it in. Such was the exact phrase used by your man of box-wood, and although as a general thing I am opposed to the use of slang, I must admit that the forcible but by no means elegant monosyllable, "scoop," expressed the idea correctly. Perceive, then, in the racy results achieved by my friend's crayon, and in these lines of mine which are being written with a profanity-producing pen, the result of our "scoop."

It was 12:15 A. M. if it was a minute when we reached the house in Fifth avenue, and carriages were still arriving. This was due, of course, to the fact that a new opera had been given that night, and on such occasions many of the invited guests do both affairs. It doesn't matter how late or early, rather, you dance. The young ladies feel very miserable in the morning all the same, and are naturally forced, as I am told by a young physician, to resort to a little brandy and soda before any serious business of the day can be considered.

I used to pity the poor sailors and think they had to endure more hardships and exposure of a nature to undermine their health than any other class of the community, but I am convinced now that the New York girl or woman of fashion takes the belt for being able to recklessly brave all sorts of pneumonia-saturated weather in a costume ingeniously contrived to blazon forth the triumphs of the modiste, while giving nature a chance to make a very flattering exhibit.

When we reach the house it is just in time to see such an one alight from her carriage. It has been raining during the day, and there is a fine drizzle in the air now. To protect the guests there has been constructed a covered way out of striped Spanish canvas, with an aperture at either side to permit of pavement travel.

A crowd of idlers loiter about as they do at the Academy of Music on ball or opera nights, while a gigantic policeman opens the doors of the coaches. He helps our Lady Clare to alight and then hands her over to her black-coated gallant, who seems to me to be all whiskers, worn in the French style, and shirt front.

But it's with Lady Clare we have to deal. She has refused to cover her loveliness with any wrap while daintily picking her way across the carpet from the carriage to the door. The pavement is a flood of brilliant light that streams from the open doorway and as she swims through it she seems to be proud of the attention bestowed upon her by the rabble. As for me, I am dazzled, and I haven't got over it yet—all that lives in my memory are a pair of pretty feet in white slippers, a perfumed sweep of rustling silk, and shoulders so white and gleaming that they suggest marble bathed in moonlight.

It is only a vision and she is gone. The illuminated house has swallowed her—and right beside me is a contrasting picture of whose existence I did not dream until I felt a tug at one of my arms, and heard a husky voice saying:

"I used to be like her, and go to parties too, damn her."

This terrific statement was borne to me on the night air, and with it came the aroma of gin, a gin which I detected at once to be the rankest distillery article.

We are all leaning on the area railings and the radiance of the parlors, where a musical pulse is at fever heat, brings the face of the speaker into ghastly prominence as I turn to see who it is.

A bum: a bum of the female variety; a rum-soaked Pariah with a ragged shawl over her flowing hair, and held in position against her breast by the clutch of a lean and dirty hand: a pimply-faced and blue-eyed wretch reeking with the rank poison of the Fourth ward.

I ask her how she came to be so far up town, but she doesn't answer me, but keeps her red-rimmed eyes upon the process of extracting another beauty, with more marble shoulders, from the conveyance and starting her along the carpeted tunnel.

"Yes, and I was better looking than that thing," she almost screams as she shakes a long bony arm at the lady passing who was certainly not any prettier than is allowed by the law governing such matters.

At this point it is that my friend and myself came to the conclusion that the dragged tramp before us is very drunk.

Just in a bantering way, my companion says:

"Eliza, my dear, for I presume your name is Liz, and hence Eliza, why don't you go in and join in the dance?"

"I've as much right there as they have," she answered, with the glare of a petrel's eye.

"Well, I should smile if you hadn't," the artist answered: "go on in and win; there's no use changing your toilette."

Neither of us imagined for a moment that she would do as she did, but before anything could be said or done to prevent her she had pushed aside those at the central passage-way and was standing with her muddy feet in the full blaze of the warm glory that came from the hallway. As she did this, she had either on purpose or by accident located herself on the soft, shaggy rug of a grand dame who had gone on ahead. The elegant lady turned in affright, shrinking from this midnight silhouette of horror, this cat among humming-birds, while the policeman at the carriage bore down upon her like a

tidal wave of blue and brass destruction. How she yelled and kicked and swore, her long, matted hair flying in the wind as the M. P. struggled with her, while the boys yelled wildly, the servants came rushing up the area steps, and the butterflies of fashion appeared at the parlor windows. She vanished in the clutch of merciless power, her voice ringing out in curses for blocks.

Speaking of the servants suggests the kitchen, pantry and other comfortable places during a dance in a bon-ton house. I will not divulge how your artist and myself got into the kitchen, but will limit my statement to the declaration that it was not through the coal hole. May be it was through bribery, who knows? All I've got to say is that that artist of yours is a devil of a fellow among the pretty servant girls.

We were made quite at home, and spent a very pleasant half-hour. The crash of music from the parlors came to us softened, but not to the extent of being unavailable for dancing purposes. There was a regular set formed, a Robeson Schottische I believe, that was danced in the most absurdly grotesque manner by coachman and servants to the music of a minuet.

There was also a barn-door jig and a Virginia reel. Likewise cold chicken, paties, etc., etc., from the excess furnished by the caterer, which we washed down with beer. Altogether, it was a very pleasant evening, heartily enjoyed both by myself and friend, who was thunderstruck when I left him at my producing from my pocket for his examination regular cards of invitation to the soiree in the parlors.

He is coming to the conclusion that I am a democrat, socialist and nihilist rolled into one eccentric being.

## SEASONING.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction. A man may know he is a liar, and yet he'll feel decidedly strange when he is called one.

THE experienced never speak of Chicago girls' feet by that name. They mention them respectfully as Chicago's great terminal facilities.

HE was struck by her beautiful form, and it happened in this wise: he chanced to be passing her house just as she came tumbling off the roof.

A CHICAGO man has a woman's tooth grafted into his jaw, and every time he passes a millinery store that tooth fairly aches to drag him up to the window.

LADY to a married friend who had been telling her all about their travels: "Well, my dear what struck you most during your trip?" Married friend—"My husband."

IT is said that a blue-eyed woman with blonde hair can out-lobby all the black-eyed women in Washington. They have got a positively irresistible way of puckering their mouths.

THE women of this country are about to organize a general protest against the unnecessary and pernicious custom of embalming their ages on tombstones.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

AN editor in Iowa has been fined \$250 for hugging a girl in meeting. "Cheap enough!" says another of the fraternity; "we once hugged a girl in meeting, and it has cost us a thousand dollars a year since."

A YOUNG man in St. Louis winked at a woman in a street car. The girl worth half a million to whom he was engaged saw the wink and severed the silver cord right away. Don't wink when there is anything to lose.

MAN (masked, to his wife, who has recognized him)—"Sweet lady, I salute thee." Lady—"Begone! Thou dost remind me of mine husband, and for the hour I would forget I ever were wedded!" Husband's mask comes right off.

WE remember now, an old farmer, whose zeal at grace was hardly sufficient to repress his appetite, and he used to end his prayers in the following unpunctuated manner: "And bless us all for Christ's sake Joe pass the potatoes!"

THE mother who retains her temper when she finds her naughty children tying her best Sunday bonnet to the cat's tail is one of the very few individuals who would be satisfied with securing a second-class pair of wings when she becomes an angel.—*Phila. Krontik-Herald*.

A YOUNG lady of Moultrie county sends in a communication on some presumably interesting topic, with the request to "Please print it not too full." It is hardly necessary to say that we hurl back the base insinuation with scorn—also the communication.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE man who drinks continuously at your expense is a mean man; the man who drinks more expensive drinks than yourself at your expense is a dangerous man; the man that drinks with you at your expense and then goes off and talks about you is the boss snide.—*Confucius*.

A LONDON paper tells of an English lady who has kicked a foot ball ninety feet without training. Think of the dreadful consequences that would ensue in case she should get to dreaming about the matter some night and plant her foot in the small of her unfortunate husband's back.

WOMAN, read this: A girl down in Massachusetts, who painted pottery, has become insane. And in the horrible dreams and hideous fancies that glare upon her darkened mind, she imagines she sees all the things she has painted. The medical men say there is no hope for her.—*Hawkeye*.

"Oh, give me, Mary," said young Fred, The while the maid was slyly laughing; He said no more, so great his dread Of the fair maiden's merry chaffing. He stroked his infantile mustache, While Mary tenderly was sighing; Again he made the venture rash—"Oh, dearest Mary, I am dying—"

"For what?" she asked, with sly fear, Her foolish heart now madly beating; "Oh," stammered Fred, "I'm dying, dear, To taste those peanuts you are eating."

THE beautiful daughter of a wealthy Philadelphian ran away a few days ago with a penniless young man whose suit her parents had opposed. The strangest part of the affair is the fact that, so far as known, the young man never worked in a dry goods store, parted his hair from the home plate to second base, or belonged to a social club. If girls get to eloping with this style of young men they are liable to amount to something in the sweet by and hereafter.

THERE was a young damsel, oh, bless her! It cost very little to dress her;

She was sweet as a rose In her every-day clothes,

But had no young man to caress her— Because, you see, she had given the mitten to the only fellow in the neighborhood, and the amount of sweetness she was therefore obliged to waste upon the desert air Was simply enough to distress her.

## SPORTING AND DRAMATIC.

JOE Goss, who is matched to fight Paddy Ryan for \$2,000, has reduced his weight ten pounds.

MADAME ANDERSON, the pedestrian, has turned her attention to singing serio-comic songs in variety theaters.

BLONDES with pipe-stem legs and sawdust busts are requested by the local paper in Gillette, Penn., to give the town a rest.

MCINTYRE, the champion pedestrian of San Francisco, has decided not to compete for the O'Leary belt. His \$500 has been returned.

A NEW ORLEANS paper says that Daniel O'Leary walked five miles in that city in twenty-nine minutes. He must have walked on a railway train in motion.

COLUMBIA, Princeton and Pennsylvania are to row for the Child's Cup, June 20, at Philadelphia. Pennsylvania won it last year, rowing the course, one mile and a half, in 9m. 23s.

A FIFTY-HOUR go-as-you-please match, for a purse of \$500, will take place at Jamestown, N. Y., on the 11th, 12th and 13th of March. Entries are solicited by Captain T. E. Grandin.

SPEAKING of alarms of fire, a manager, whose theatre had been criticised from this point of view, recently declared that if his capacity for getting people out of the theatre in case of fire were less than for getting in, he should be quite satisfied.

OXFORD and Cambridge Universities went into regular training on the 29th inst. for their annual race, which is to be rowed on the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake, on the 20th of March.

HANLAN has decided not to go to England. He says there is a fortune to win in the regattas to be held in this country this season, besides match races with Riley, Warren E. Smith and Courtney.

THE late Artemus Ward once received a telegram from a San Francisco manager, asking him: "What will you take out here for twenty nights in succession?" Artemus Ward immediately replied by wire: "Brandy and Water."

MISS VIC REYNOLDS, the mercury of the Ixion Burlesque Company, commences a two years engagement with the Rice Surprise Party next September. Her monster dog, "Whisky," which is noted for his viciousness, will accompany her.

EDWARD BIBBY, of Philadelphia, defeated Samuel Berry in a wrestling contest in this city on the evening of the 23d inst. for the championship of America. It was what is known as Lancashire wrestling, the men catching each other with open hands and not hugging or nipping.

JOHN SIMPSON, manager of the Minnie Wallace Combination, on the evening of January 30th, eloped with the belle of Crawfordsville, Ind., Miss Jennie Collins. The runaway pair were captured at Bloomington, Ill., and the young lady returned to her parents to repent at leisure.

A MOVEMENT has been started among the ladies of Cincinnati, O., to stop Sunday evening performances in the better class of theatres. This they are doing by circulating for signatures a petition pledging themselves not to patronize any theatre which keeps its doors open Sunday nights.

ROBERT WATSON BOYD, the English champion oarsman, has decided to visit America and row in the international single scull race for the \$6,000 prize. Boyd will sail for New York in May and will bring three racing shells, and Ralph Hepplewhite, the Tyne oarsman, will come with him.

MAGGIE MITCHELL writes to a western paper: "I see by your paper and others in Peoria, that my age is being discussed quite freely. I am in no way ashamed of my age—it is forty-four years. I was born in New York city, Sept. 10, 1838, and started in my professional career in the old Park Theatre in that city in the winter of 1850."

A PIGEON-MATCH, fifty birds each, 30yds. rise, five traps, for \$100 a side, was shot at Bergen Point, N. J., Feb. 21, by H. E. Dexter and Dr. Barton, in receipt of three dead birds, the former winning by a score of 37, 48. On the same day and at the same place Mr. Edmunds of Philadelphia defeated R. Knowles of New York in a match at ten birds each, 80yds. rise, for \$20 a side; score, 9 to 7.

THE international billiard match, 4,000 points up, for \$1,000, between George F. Slosson of Chicago, and Maurice Vignaux, the French champion, will take place at Paris on March 22. Slosson has arrived in Paris, and all the details of the great match have been arranged. The match will last five days and 800 points will be played each day. Vignaux is reported to be playing big billiards.

A MAN in a Chicago theatre cried "Brava" at the leading actress, and she liked it. But when another and intoxicated admirer shouted "Bully for you, old gal," and "You're a daisy," she stopped acting and demanded his expulsion. Four ushers undertook the task, but he laid himself on the floor, put his arms and legs around the seats, and was immovable until they pried him loose with a broom handle.

DAN RICE met Mr. Moody in Chicago, Saturday, and going up to the evangelist, said: "Look a here, Mood, I heard you was around tellin' folks as how I wasn't converted. Better let up on that, pard, Don't cold-deck me on the first deal. I'm going to run a six pole triple-tent show next year, and if I hear of you tellin' folks I ain't converted I'll sue you for slander. I will, I hope to never see the back of my neck if I don't."

A MAIN said to be for \$1,000 and \$250 on each battle was fought at a place on the road between Albany and West Troy Thursday afternoon, Feb. 19, between birds owned by parties in West Troy and Mechanicsville. Eight battles were fought, Mechanicsville winning five and West Troy three. A high-toned assemblage of Senators and Assemblymen, lawyers, merchants and politicians witnessed the sport. Another match is talked of.

SYDNEY EDWARDS, the champion oarsman of Melbourne, who recently defeated Laycock and Rush, and rowed second to Trickett in the Balmian Regatta, has challenged Trickett to row a five-mile race, to take place at Melbourne for \$200 a side. Edwards stands five feet four inches in height and weighs 165 pounds in condition. He is a wonderful oarsman, and is looked upon as the coming champion of the British colonies in Australia.

HARRY HILL, the noted New York sporting man, owner of Harry Hill's Variety Theatre, Houston street, publishes a challenge, in which he offers to match Pete McCoy, of New Jersey, against any light-weight pugilist in America, to fight a glove fight according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules, each round to last three minutes, and one minute rest between each, for \$100 to \$500 a side, the match to take place privately three weeks from signing articles.

THE MEMBERS of the Essex Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot at Erb's Atlantic Grounds, Newark, N. J., Feb. 18. There were sixteen participants, and the shoot was for a gold badge, at ten birds each, both barrels, five ground traps, handicap rise. On this occasion excellent birds were produced, with the following result: Brentnall, 10; Pindell, 9; Hays, 9; Johnson, 9; Keller, 8; Robertson, 8; Burnet, 8; Wrighton, 7; Gronmire, 7; Worth, 5; Pentz, 5.

AT last all the arrangements for the great single scull race for that \$6,000 have been made. The race will be rowed on the Potomac, at Washington, on May 20. Besides Charles E. Courtney and Edward Hanlan, James Riley, of Saratoga, will row. The latter will be allowed \$500 for expenses. The distance will be five miles, and the winner will receive \$6,000. The race will not end like the Maysville race, for if Courtney refuses to row Riley will meet Hanlan.

ON Feb. 13 the Rhode Island House of Representatives passed a bill prohibiting pigeon shooting in that state. The bill imposes a penalty of \$20 fine or ten days' imprisonment, or both, for keeping or using any live pigeon or fowl for the purpose of a target, or to be shot at either for amusement or as a test of skill in marksmanship, or for shooting at any bird for such purpose, and for renting any premises or building, or permitting them to be used, for such purposes.

CAPTAIN A. H. BOGARDUS, the champion wing shot of America, being unable to induce any one to meet him in a pigeon or glass ball shooting match, is anxious to match his son against any of the crack shots. Bogardus offers to match Eugene Bogardus to shoot a match at one hundred glass balls against any man in the world with a Winchester rifle for \$500 or \$1,000. He also offers to wager \$100 that Eugene Bogardus can break more balls out of one hundred than any man living, with a rifle.

EDWARD F. CROWELL, who has been the star of the Chestnut street Theatre, Leadville, had some trouble with his wife recently, and pretended to commit suicide by poison. A physician was called, who found the poison in the bed scattered around, but none in the carcass of Crowell. He smelt a rat and gave the thing away to the crowd, who set up a laugh at the expense of the disgusted actor, who got up and dressed himself, took four fingers of benzine, and went about his business without any more nonsense.

THE match between George Rooke and Michael Donovan, for the championship of middle-weights and two thousand dollars, goes on all right, although neither man has as yet, of course, commenced preparation for the mill, beyond dispensing with luxuries and paying more attention to regularity in mode of living than usual with them. The second deposit of three hundred dollars a side falls due on Saturday, Feb. 28, and must be in the hands of the temporary stakeholder not later than 5 o'clock P. M.

AN audience of about two hundred assembled at Maskell Hall, Chicago, Feb. 21, to witness the second wrestling match between Miss Ida Alb, of New York, and Mile. Marcia, of Chicago. The contest was short and decisive, and resulted in a victory for the New York lady. The first two falls were won by Miss Alb, the first being Græco-Roman and the second collar-and-elbow. The third fall was won by Mile. Marcia, Græco-Roman, and the fourth and last fall by Alb, collar-and-elbow. The entire match lasted but half an hour.

JIM WARD, ex-champion of England, now in his eightieth year, had a rousing benefit at Richardson's Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, London, Feb. 3. After the young fellows had got through the veteran beneficiary stepped on the stage, having for an opponent the accomplished Prof. Flynn. The last-named commenced very leniently, but the old man informed him he must spar, and immediately dealt the professor a blow, whereupon the latter fell between the ropes, amidst much cheering, the set-to ending after some clever fencing. Among those present were Bob Travers, old Johnny Walker, George Crockett, Billy Shaw, Jim Goode, Joe Evans, W. Hundreds and George Dove.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—The great six days' go-as-you-please walking match for the championship of England built was brought to a close this evening. Blower Brown left the track after scoring 553 miles; Hazael's score was 483 and Day's 456. Brown's friends, at the start last Monday morning, made many bets that he would beat Weston's time, 550 miles, and the interest in the race was centered in this possibility for the last three days. The attendance to-night was very large. When Brown's score reached 550 miles the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Brown continued to walk until he had scored three more miles, in order to guard against any possible error on the part of the scorers and to make his record secure. At the close he asserted that he was good for twenty-four hours more work.

E. W. JOHNSTON, of Belle Ewart, defeated Thomas Lynch of New York in a wrestling contest in the Royal Opera House, Toronto, Ont., Feb. 19. The Canadian, who has been working all winter at the Belleville Gymnasium and was in fine trim, stripped at 175lb., while the Irishman weighed five pounds more. The conditions were the best three out of five falls. The first bout, catch-as-catch-can, was claimed by Lynch on a foul; but the referee, A. Muir, decided against him. Johnson won the next two back falls back hold and Cumberland styles, easily. The fourth, collar-and-elbow, was taken by Lynch, with whom, however, Johnson seemed to be playing. The last Græco-Roman was achieved by the long-limbed Canadian after five minutes' sharp work. After the conflict Lynch stated that he did not profess to be a good wrestler, but he wished to get on a match with D. C. Ross or any other Canadian at heavy-weight competition. A representative of Ross offered to put up a deposit then and there, but Lynch didn't respond.

THE New York Mirror says: "The ballet-girl who comes under the head of coryphæe on the bills, and who periodically comes before the public every time a spectacle is produced, is a strange creature. She lives no one knows where, and exists no one knows how, in the intervals between the display pieces which always call her to the front. 'My leg is my fortune, sir,' she said; but if her resources are measured by the size of her pedal adornments she must fare badly indeed. Monday night saw her out in all her glory, upon her native heath—the stage of Niblo's Garden. She was more attenuated than ever as to her limbs, and had a half-inch or so of rouse laid over the greater part of her blooming countenance, the perennial and ghastly property smile lingered about her pinched lips, and she hopped, skipped and jumped about with all her ancient vigor. Poor creature! What is there in your half starved milliner's face, with its sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, to attract the crowd of gaping men you see before you on the other side of the footlights? And yet they will pay their dollars gladly to gloat over your faded face and faded charms. You are different from the rest of womankind. They die; you don't! You live forever!"



## GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM

## Wandering Through the Doomed Markets of the Metropolis.

## AN OYSTER PIE FOR G. A. SALA.

## Sealskin Sacques, Oysters, and Ale at "Fulton's" Eating Saloon.

## WASHINGTON MARKET'S ROMANTIC RECESSES.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

Both Fulton and Washington markets, which are to me as indispensable parts of New York city as Trinity Church or the Central Park, seem at last to have come to the position occupied by the Chinese in San Francisco—"they must go."

Perhaps it is all for the best, and time may heal the wounds, but I shall regret their demolition quite as much as I should feel annoyed at the success of any of those Albany schemes which have for their purpose the placing of horse-car rails on lower Broadway. When that evil day dawns you can address me in the wild woods of western Oregon.

Where can you get a better Glimpse of Gotham, or of Brooklyn—which is precisely the same thing, since it is but a dormitory city built for the accommodation of the overcrowded metropolis—than at Fulton market, late at night, as the Brooklyn theatre parties are going home?

Of course I allude to the oyster saloon, to Dorlon's, where the bivalves always appear to me to acquire a better flavor than is possible elsewhere, and the tobies of ale a more beautiful foam. That saloon has been the locale where more pretty women have had their hunger satisfied than you can shake a stick at.

But take my advice and don't shake sticks at pretty women.

Unless the handsome female in question should happen to be your wife. That alters the case. There may arise occasions when you have to throw aside a meek and mild demeanor and assert yourself in all the dignity of your marital, social and political supremacy; when you have to assume the lion, as it were.

In these instances it has not been infrequent for the wife to rise also to the surface of the occasion, and make such use of broom-stick or rolling-pin as was never intended by the inventor, but which has brought calm upon that household by the cart load, and caused the husband to dilate at great length in his office upon the folly of running against a half-opened door in the dark to the extent of receiving a lump above the left eye as big as a baseball.

But here are our oysters and ale. It is about 11 o'clock at night, a clear, crisp night, when the idea of oyster eating seems a natural one.

All the tables are full. Look around. What an array of stylishly dressed people, what a perfume of soft, luxurious living stealing through the hot room despite the fishy aroma dominant everywhere.

What bright eyes, what diamonds trembling at pink ears, glittering outside gloves or upon white, slender fingers that gracefully clutch the fork and raise the speared sardine to the pouting lips that gently part, showing a flash of pearl, to receive it. Then there is just a little gulp, a moving lump in the swan-like throat, and the oyster disappears behind an exquisite pin of Etruscan gold.

It is possible, of course, to trace that oyster to its ultimate destiny; but since I am not a professor of physiology and this is not a clinic lecture on the interesting process of digestion we will abstain.

The majority of those we meet at this hour in Fulton market's oyster saloon are young people, possibly couples that are in the most tender accord with each other. Some are family parties, children and all, while some are merely husband and wife.

I have been told that there have been instances where one husband's wife and another wife's husband have taken oysters together at Fulton market, but can scarcely credit it. The action is wrong on the face of it, and then the mere fact that the parties live in Brooklyn knocks the slander on the head.

We all know what Brooklyn is. A city of churches. What are churches for? To insure morality. There you are.

When Talmage wanted to examine a slum there wasn't one in Brooklyn to be found.

In vain the police department was put to work night and day, and flaming advertisements inserted in the *Engle* and *Union-Argus* to this effect: "Wanted—Some Sluts. Deliver at stage door of Brooklyn Tabernacle."

So he had to come to New York to get them.

When we have such facts to take into consideration it is manifestly idle to suppose that anybody living in Brooklyn can be guilty of an act not strictly on the propriety lay.

In other parts of Fulton market are more modest oyster saloons, and several of those wonderful coffee and cake establishments, the patrons of which have always excited my intensest admiration. This is particularly the case when I go down there for fun and a cup of coffee, and watch the demolition of one of the oyster pies for which these market restaurants are famous. We all have more or less shadowy ideas of what an oyster pie is like, but no one could guess this specimen into being. It is like a small cart-wheel, of pale complexion, and most uncertain age. When one is called for it is steamed a little to take the rheumatism out of the oysters, and then, after being drowned in a milky compound, is placed in a condition of fragrant hotness and pliability before the devourer. I have seen three of these eaten by a young truckman, who topped off with a couple of hard-boiled eggs.

George Augustus Sala, who is over here to write \$50 letters for the London *Telegraph*, should investigate these market restaurants. Everything he has written so far has been about his stomach, and in this oyster-pie, which he might take home in his hat to analyze at his leisure, I am sure he would find material for quite a lot of his gastronomic effusions.

The fish market is one of New York's sights, especially when you pass through and gaze upon the boats and snacks in the slip. I wouldn't recommend any one of my readers to make the visit on a morning when the two cock-tails he has already taken have not yet conquered the nervousness produced by overwork in a beer saloon the night before.

Everything that isn't flapping or squirming is crawling. Lobsters and crabs get to hoisting themselves up your

pantaloons legs, while the conviction is apt to grow upon you that you have shrimps in your hair and eels in your pocket. Take some steady morning, and you will see what a wondrous place it is and be able to appreciate the tremendous business done. Just now it is at its height.

Fulton market never could compare for picturesqueness, so far as my crude taste goes, with Washington market. I am always reminded of old Flemish pictures when I go through there early on market days. The old ladies presiding at the country produce stalls, shawled to the chin, and maybe indulging in a cup of hot coffee, while the pretty daughter, with brown dimpled arms flirts through a barricade of shoulders of mutton and legs of lamb with the good-looking butcher at the next stall—is not this, when lit up by glaring gas-jets, an art effort in the true Flemish school?

Penetrate into the recesses of Washington market and you will discover odd little nooks where hot soup and coffee, bread, butter and pig's feet can be bought and consumed. As you thread the greasy aisles, looking at lights and livers, rows of long-necked chickens and strings of sausages, the thought will come forward that it is a dirty sort of place, utterly out of comparison with Philadelphia or Boston's palatial establishments. But there is romance spread about in abundance and I will put up with a great deal in order to have the romantic thrown in. When our new markets are constructed up town there can be no doubt that they will excel everything of the kind in the United States. It would be the easiest thing in the world for me to overwhelm the *Gazette's* readers in this discursive sketch with a matter of fact history of both Fulton and Washington markets. I am writing in a library where a score of books bearing upon the question are in easy reaching distance. But I shan't do it. Such statements have been published time and again, and particularly since the agitation about the removal. And besides, I hate facts.

Those fancy markets with a grocery store air about them which are located on Broadway, Sixth avenue, Lexington avenue and all along the up town streets are beautifully neat in all their arrangements and as steep as the Matterhorn in their prices. They were established simply to cater to the big flats, private houses, and hotels en famille of those aristocratic neighborhoods. You must be worth at least one hundred thousand dollars in order to be able to market there with any style.

It isn't every one in New York city who knows that there is a regular town of butchers built on the space between the river curb of West street, directly opposite Washington market, and the river itself. Walk in past the shining rows of halved pigs, steers, etc., and you are in the settlement.

It has its regular streets, lanes, alleys and thoroughfares of every kind. Each shanty is a shop. You can get anything in the meat, fish and oyster line that comes to New York. There are restaurants here also, of whose existence I never dreamed.

It is another world in fact.

A regular meatier! Wouldn't you like to be a butcher in a nice clean smock-frock, with health just bursting from your rotund cheeks? They live by killing, but how they do live, in a feeding sense! Whenever I feel possessed of an appetite that has any stability about it I go to a place where I find butchers dining. There order the juicy steak and the meaty potato. They don't serve you with mis-steaks there, and if fond of mutton you never leave chop-fallen. Bill Poole was a Washington market boy. To-day the market is full of Bill Poole, but the time for their metropolitan notoriety has passed away. It is related of Poole that in order to perfect himself in the science of rough-and-tumble bar-room fighting, he used to pit himself against rats in a ring, catching them with his teeth, and so creating a reign of terror.

You couldn't hire me to do such a thing as that; no sir. Golconda and those other places where gold is supposed to be lying around in reckless profusion, could not tempt me.

Principles of humanity would prevail. In me the rat perceives a benefactor, one who takes an interest in his welfare second only to that assumed by Mr. Bergh. When I go down to my grave it can be said by Paul Prowler that he had his faults, but never, under any consideration, and no matter how annoying the circumstances, was he guilty of hitting a rat.

Along with the markets the broom of Iconoclasm is to sweep away the farmers' wagons that cluster about the ferries, taking their stands on the eve of market day as early sometimes as eight o'clock and remaining there all night. Hot nights in the summer some years ago, when I lived in a down-town hotel I used to rise from my bed and go out for a stroll among these agriculturists from New Jersey and Long Island, just as I have gone into Covent Garden, London, to see the flower-show market forming.

The wagons stand in long, shadowy lines, tarpaulins and other covers protecting the cabbages, potatoes, onions, celery and other truck with which they are laden. Where are the owners? For you sometimes strike a block of vehicles that appear deserted, owing to the quietude prevailing. Look closely, and you will find them sound asleep on top of their loads, or equally sound asleep from the effects of other loads on the cellar doors, and stoops of the big commission houses and stores.

There are corner saloons that keep open all night for the accommodation of these farmers, and many a time have I (remember this was some time ago) passed the entire night drinking gin and tansy and playing euchre with a greasy deck of cards just as a cover for my real object, which was to ascertain whether you put any sub-soil dressing on your strawberries previous to pruning them. This may not be the exact pomological question. It strikes me that it isn't, but since I am not interested any more in kitchen gardens, and consider that man an ass who gets up at 5 o'clock in the morning to break his back over a pretty new spade, with a nice red stripe, which he bought in Vesey street, it doesn't matter.

When all these curious vehicles from Hackensack, N. J., and Oyster Bay, and all sorts of places on Long Island are forced to go, then "good-by" to one more romantic element of our city life. There can be no doubt about my being an old fogey. I hate to see things changed. This is particularly the case with my last five dollar bill.

Thieves naturally ply their trade among these countrymen, robbing both from the wagons and from the persons of the slumbering farmers. Fights occur also over disputed places, outsiders coming in and "jumping a claim" as they call it in New York.

In speaking of New York's markets I must not neglect the markets of the very poor, those who are "way down" and can't get back. Go through Hester, Bayard, Allen, Ludlow and contiguous streets on the Jews' market day, which is Saturday I believe. I never met any person who was present when they were having that grand "chin" over the tower of Babel, but it couldn't have been a much worse salad of talk than that going on between the dealers and the gentlemen with short pipes, and long noses and gaberdines. Where do they get those coats? From Ringen on the Rhine? I guess so.

These markets sell everything. It is really a fair, a fête one day in the week. You can buy enough in one block on Ludlow street in one hour of any of these regu-

lar market days to furnish forth a suite of rooms in any of the towering tenements thereabout and stock it with provisions long enough to last a month. The people in the section I speak of are almost exclusively Polish Jews. Now if we chose to call that Pol-ish, and I don't see why we shouldn't, we get an idea of the wherefore of the greasy, shiny coats that always attract my attention. If you have noticed the geese they sell in this quarter you will agree with me that the manipulator is not a fellow of much pluck; he leaves the birds so fuzzy. I took pains to ask about this and was told that religion had something to do with it.

There are markets in New York still below the street display of the Polish Jews; markets of odds and ends, filthy bits begged from restaurants and private houses. The scraps are arranged in the dim recesses of reeking cellars, touched up, and then displayed in the store.

Do people purchase such refuse? They do.

In Paris, a market devoted especially to this idea, made the proprietor a millionaire.

It reads like an Arabian Nights' story, does it not? And it is; it is the drama of mystery; the magical possibility of Hashheesh.

## THEATRICAL NOTES.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's Drama, "The False Friend," is still the attraction at the Union Square, and promises well to reach the hundredth night.

Harry Miner's Theatre still holds its own as one of the best East-side places of amusement. The excellent olio bill presented each night embraces in its performance some of the best talent in the variety line.

Measra. Poole and Donnelly's great theatre never had so large audiences as during the engagement of Lester Wallach. Hundreds have been turned away nightly. "My Awful Dad" was the play during the past week.

The ancient and threadbare "Mulligan Guards" still hold the boards at the Theatre Comique. A funeral of these milliamen should be next in order, and would doubtless be hailed with pleasure by the patrons of this house.

"The Colleen Bawn" with Dion Boucicault as Myles Ke-Coppaleen, has delighted the patrons of Wallack's Theatre during the week. Rich in scenic effects and humor, this sterling, lush drama always proves a strong card; and when presented by Wallack's excellent company never fails to secure overflowing houses.

The "Royal Middy" continues the attraction at Daly's New Broadway Theatre, and no more pleasing entertainment can be found in the city. In scenery, costumes and general detail it ranks with Mr. Daly's best efforts, and this is saying a good deal when his former management of the Fifth Avenue Theatre is taken into consideration.

The programme at Tony Pastor's Theatre is one of the best presented so far this season. The laughable burlesque, "Go West," has caught the town, and proves an inexhaustible source of fun to all who witness its performance. The recent benefit at this theatre under the supervision of Mrs. Pastor for the relief of suffering Ireland was a grand success, netting the sum of \$600.

Mr. Fred Waldmann, manager of the Novelty Theatre, Newark, N. J., is one of the most gentlemanly and enterprising men in the theatrical profession. By his liberality and executive ability he has succeeded in making his theatre one of the best places of amusement in the country. And this fact is appreciated by the people of Newark, who nightly fill the place, and all concur in the opinion that, for genuine amusement the Novelty is unequalled.

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